

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 27 May 1959



THIS WAY TO
GLYNDEBOURNE



... travel in a BIG way



The glass-enclosed promenade deck is an ideal setting for afternoon tea. Here, perfectly sheltered, yet within sight and sound of the sea, you will be served with delicious sandwiches and cakes. A game of table tennis is in progress further along the deck . . . table tennis while making full speed across the Atlantic! What a memorable experience the whole voyage is . . . what a welcome and invaluable breathing space if you are on business—and secretarial services are available if you need them. No matter whether you are travelling First, Cabin or Tourist Class, this is travel in a big way.

ATLANTIC HOLIDAYS

With the £100 Dollar Allowance, holidays in the United States and Canada are an exciting possibility. Ocean fares and all inland transportation in North America can be paid in sterling, leaving the dollar allowance intact.

MOST CUNARD LINERS ARE FITTED WITH ANTI-ROLL STABILISERS

Carefree comfort all the way to USA and Canada

Cunard

Apply CUNARD LINE, Cunard Building, Liverpool, 3 (Liverpool CENTral 9201) : 15, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItchall 7890) : 88 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 (AVENue 3010) or consult your local travel agent—no one can serve you better.

We chose this in Paris

... Pierre Cardin's suit-with-a-difference ... its bold, buccaneer collar cut wide to reveal charming shoulders, the jacket fronts curved and crossed; buttoned for sheer bravado. Seen at the sumptuous hotel George V and made to order from our Model Suit salon on the first floor.



Photographed especially for Debenhams by Peter Clark

Pierre Cardin at Debenhams

Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street London W1 LAngham 4444

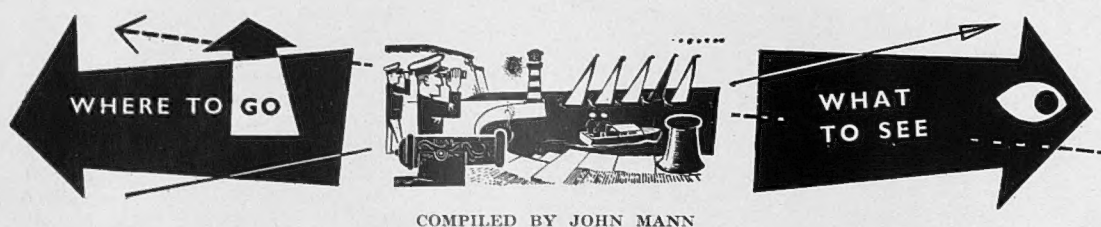
27 May 1959

COVER FEATURE: See page 476. Cover picture by Grey Lacey

NEXT WEEK: *The Summer Number*. Fashions in town gardens, showing, partly in colour, some of London's most charming private gardens... *Lady Rose* writes on her substitute South Sea Island... *Kurt Hutton* photographs the girl scientists of Cambridge

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. *Subscription Rates*: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)



THE SEASON

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House (to mid-August); also paintings by **Sir Winston Churchill** (extended to 3 August).

Eights Week, Oxford, to 31 May. Pembroke College Eights Week Dance, and Keble College Summer Ball, 29 May.

Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to 29 May.

Glyndebourne Opera Festival 28 May-16 August. (Tickets, Glyndebourne Opera Office, 23 Baker St., W.1. WEL 1010.)

The Royal Tournament, Earls Court, 3-20 June. (Tickets, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1. vic 7852.)

The Derby, Epsom, 3 June; followed by **The Oaks**, 5 June.

The Fourth of June at Eton College (King George III's birthday celebrations).

SPORT

First Test Match, England v. India, Trent Bridge, Notts, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 June.

Southsea-Cherbourg Race, Royal Ocean Racing Club (for the Morgan Cup), 29 May.

Polo: Old Etonians v. The Rest; also Argentine Cup Final. Smith's Lawn, Windsor, 31 May. Cirencester Park Tournament, 5-7 June.

County Cricket Weeks. Stroud, to 2 June; The Oval, 30 May-5 June.

Amateur Golf Championship, Royal St. George's Sandwich to 30 May; and **Ladies' Open British Amateur Championship**, Berkshire G.C., Ascot to 28 May.

Golf Week, Nairn, Scotland, to 30 May.

International T.T. motor cycle races, Isle of Man, 1, 3, 5 June.

MUSICAL

Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells. Ballets include *Laidrette*, *Lilac Garden*, *Dark Elegies*, *Czernyana*. 7.30 p.m. Sat. matinee 2.30 p.m., to 6 June. (TEM 1672-3.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Margot Fonteyn & Michael Somes in *Symphonic Variations* and *Daphnis and Chloe*, 5, 11, 13 June; *Giselle*, 15 June; *Ondine*, 6 & 20 June (last night of ballet season). (cov 1066.)

Bath Festival, 3-13 June.

Wharfedale Music Festival, Ilkley, Yorks, to 30 May.

Hampstead Festival of Music & the Arts, 30 May-13 June.

Die Fledermaus (Sadler's Wells company) at the London Coliseum. To 4 July. (TEM 3161.)

Ballet Espagnol de Pilar Lopez, Prince's Theatre. To 30 May. (TEM. 6596.)

SIGHTSEEING

St. Ives, Cornwall, Carnival Week, "A Town On Show." 1-6 June.

Bath & West Show, Yeovil, 3-6 June.

Arran Welcome Week, Isle of Arran, 6-13 June.

Brighton Air Week, in aid of the Royal Air Forces Association, 30 May-7 June.

Stirling Festival Fortnight, to 6 June.

Royal Ulster Show, Balmoral, Belfast, to 30 May.

ART

Royal Cambrian Academy, Summer Exhibition, Conway. 1 June-30 Sept.

"Artists of Chelsea" Exhibition, Chenil Galleries, Town Hall, King's Road, Chelsea. To 30 May.

Doboujinsky Memorial Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. To 7 June.

The City of London in books and paintings, National Book League exhibition. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. To 1 July.

FOOTLIGHTS

The Lord Mayor opens the **Mermaid Theatre**, Puddle Dock, E.C. (near Blackfriars Station), tomorrow. First production, *Lock Up Your Daughters*. 6.10 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. (CIT 7656.)

The Old Vic, Waterloo Rd., S.E.1. *The Cenci* (Shelley), *The Magistrate* (Pinero). Season ends 6 June. (WAT 7616.)

Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival, Memorial Theatre. First performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 7.30 p.m., 2 June. (STRATFORD-ON-AVON 2271-2.)

First nights: **Royal Court Theatre**, American Opera programme, 31 May (SLO 1745.) **Lyric, Hammer-smith**, *The Rough And Ready Lot* (RIV 4432), and **Prince's Theatre**, José Greco & his Spanish dancers, 1 June (TEM 6596.)

PRAISED PLAYS

See "Verdicts" (p. 481) for Anthony Cookman's review this week.

Not In The Book (Criterion Theatre. Alan Webb, Avica Landone, Philip Guard, Sydney Tafler.) "... wonderfully good unobtrusive comic support ... lightly touched with humorous surprises." (WHI 3216.)

Roar Like A Dove (Phoenix Theatre. Faith Brook, Patrick Barr, Margalo Gilmore.) "Miss Storm ... writes a great many amusing lines ... spoken by a company

who know how to make them tell for all they are worth." (TEM 8611.)

West Side Story. (Her Majesty's Theatre, Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay.) "... high dramatic moments ... tragic pathos ... music and dancing are most happily integrated." (WHI 6606.)

FANCIED FILMS

See "Verdicts" (p. 481) for reviews of new films by Elspeth Grant.

G.R. = General release.

Sapphire. (Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell). "... notable and memorable ... exceedingly exciting ... excellent performances. ..." (Metropole, (vic 4673) to 31 May, then G.R.)

The Shaggy Dog. (Fred MacMurray, Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran.) "... in every way a felicitous affair. Great fun." (Studio One, GER 3300.)

The Buccaneer. (Yul Brynner, Claire Bloom, Charles Boyer, Inger Stevens). "... essentially of the cinema. ... This makes much of it very satisfying ... value for money." (Plaza, WHI 8944.)

The Doctor's Dilemma. Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde, Alastair Sim, Robert Morley. "... beautifully directed. Mr. Shaw's wit is as mordant as ever it was. Mlle. Caron gives an exquisite performance." G.R.

WHERE TO PARK

Theatre-goers can usually find space in one of the following:

Lex Garage, Brewer St.; bombed site, Dean St.; bombed site, Frith St.



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

O.S. = Open Sundays.

An Savarin, 8 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUS 7134. Gourmets gather here and seem well content.

Beaufort Restaurant of The Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool St., E.C.2. AVE 4363. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Outstanding cuisine in a restaurant over a railway station; excellent wines.

Beoty's, 14 Wrights Lane, Kensington, W.8. WES 8525. C.S. Specialize in Greek and Cypriot dishes; wines to match.

continued on page 456



CAR HIRE PLAN

A self-drive car of your own anywhere in Europe

Flying BEA to the Continent can add a couple of days or more to your holiday. And the sensible sequel to this time-saving way of travelling is to step out of the airliner, straight into a car of your own.

BEA's continent-wide Car Hire Plan enables you to enjoy the extra pleasure of motoring abroad without any of the snags that can often make touring another word for trouble.

Here are the advantages:

- * *No deposit to pay*
- * *No penalty claimed for damages*
- * *Cover against breakdown*
- * *Up to £35 payable in sterling*
- * *No charge for customs documents*
- * *An up-to-date car in all countries*
- * *Left-hand drive*

The BEA Car Hire Plan is available to all BEA passengers. Full details of costs and special currency privileges are contained in the Car Hire Plan Leaflet, available from any BEA office.

LONDON—
Dorland House,
18 Lower Regent Street, W.1.

BIRMINGHAM—
Air Terminal,
Civic Centre.

GLASGOW—
122 St. Vincent Street.

MANCHESTER—
Air Terminus,
Royal Exchange.

EDINBURGH—
133 George Street.

BELFAST—
Commonwealth House,
Castle Street.

THE PERFECT COMPLEMENT
TO AIR TRAVEL

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Horrockses



Style No. E. 401
Price: 6½ gns.

continued from page 454

Boulogne, 27 Gerrard St., W.1. GER 3186. C.S. Good Continental *cuisine* in a somewhat Edwardian atmosphere.

Casa Prada, 292 Euston Road, N.W.1. EUS 3768. C.S. You don't expect to find excellent French and Italian "home cooking" in this locality, but here it is.

"Copper Grill", 60 Wigmore Street, W.1. (entrance in mews at side) WEL 9808. C.S. First-class panelled grill room, very simple menu. Lunch is 20/- per head, dinner 25/-, and that's that and worth it.

Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, W.6. RIV 1454. C.S. Big business discussed at lunch-time; intimate atmosphere in the evening; dance band Saturdays.

Cunningham's, 51 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 3141. C.S. Sea-food specialities of high quality; smart, fashionable and expensive.

Derry & Toms, 10 Kensington High St., W.8. WES 8181. C.S. Lunch in the "Restaurant on the Roof" among the fabulous gardens they have planted.

Dragon, 3 Westbourne Grove, W.2. PAD 4328. O.S. Good Chinese food on the first floor at good prices for a thin pocket.

Fellows' Restaurant, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.8. PRI 5162. O.S. for lunch. Become a Fellow; park your car in peace, enjoy first-class *cuisine* at lunch time looking out over the gardens.

Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.1. REG. 8040. C.S. If you've been shopping on the first floor and have any money left, lunch on the fourth floor. Good food, good service, good wines, and a fashion show for good measure.

George & Vulture, 3 Castle Court off Lombard St., E.C.3. NOP 4561. C.S. and evenings. Famous City chop-house with a Silver Grill; good wines by the glass, fine beers by the pint, at prices which should make some of the new grills in the West End blush.

Golden Bamboo, 41 Wardour Street, W.1. GER 6124. O.S. Its Chinese director is an expert Chinese chef; the result is obvious.

Guinea, 30 Bruton Place, W.1. MAY 5613. C.S. You're in an ordinary pub—open the door in the bar and you're in a smart restaurant. Popular and pricey grill room.

Ici Paris, 1A Baker Street, W.1. WEL 8219. C.S. In the evenings take a packet of Gauloise, order a Pernod, and imagine you're in a French bistro; accordions will help.

La Fantasia, 20 Connaught St., W.2. PAD 0359. O.S. The Baroness Pongracz provides specialities from Vienna, where she was born and bred, in this very small, simple and charming restaurant.

Kensington Restaurant (Victor's), 20 Kensington Church St., W.8. WES 1654. C.S. If you want your *aperitif* surrounded by a mass of musical boxes before you lunch or dine in a slap-up restaurant, here's the place.

Le Perroquet, 31 Leicester Square, W.C.2. WHI 2996. C.S. Right in the middle of everything. Good food and service with excellent wines.

Majorca, 66 Brewer St., W.1. GER 6803. C.S. Senor Bonafont opened the Majorca in 1936; let him guide you in how to eat and drink Spanish.



Bickersstaff

Bickersstaff's bulletin: *I took this picture of the toast to "the king over the water" at an astonishing lunch given by Mrs. Gena Mackinnon (right), chairman of Drambuie Liqueur Co. Pipers piped us into her dining-room at "Craig's," near Linlithgow, and the menu was: Mexican black bean soup with cream; halibut veronique; cutlets of black-faced local lamb, with various garnishes and served inside a sealed greaseproof bag; pineapple with sour cream cheese on top.* I. B.

New Assam, Smith St., S.W.3. SLO 4663. O.S. Closed Mondays.
New Assam, 438 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA 7185. O.S. Authentic Indian food at reasonable prices at both of them.

Overton's, 5 Victoria Buildings, S.W.1. VIC 3774. C.S. Sea-food specialities supported by full first-class *à la carte* menu. Fashionable restaurant in an unfashionable position.

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. WHI 8641. C.S. Directed with enthusiasm by the owners with many of their own Continental specialities and a wide range of well-chosen wines.

Queen's, 4 Sloane Square, S.W.1. SLO 4381. O.S. Good food, good wine, good service at reasonable prices with a very regular clientele.

Rice Bowl, 27 Pelham St., S.W.7. KEN 1729. O.S. Popular Chinese restaurant near South Kensington Station.

Rules, 35 Maiden Lane, W.C.2. TEM 5314. C.S. Basic English dishes with a nostalgic Edwardian air and a large and experienced following.

The Trolley in The Corner House at Tottenham Court Road, W.1. MUS 0011. O.S. Trolley-loads of prime joints, with much attention from expert carvers, at incredibly low prices.

Universal, 51 St. Martin's Place, W.C.2. COV 2238. O.S. A new and efficient Chinese restaurant in the heart of theatreland.

continued on page 458

Haig in every Home

Don't be vague Ask for Haig



SUCH A WARM-HEARTED WHISKY—AND SO SMOOTH

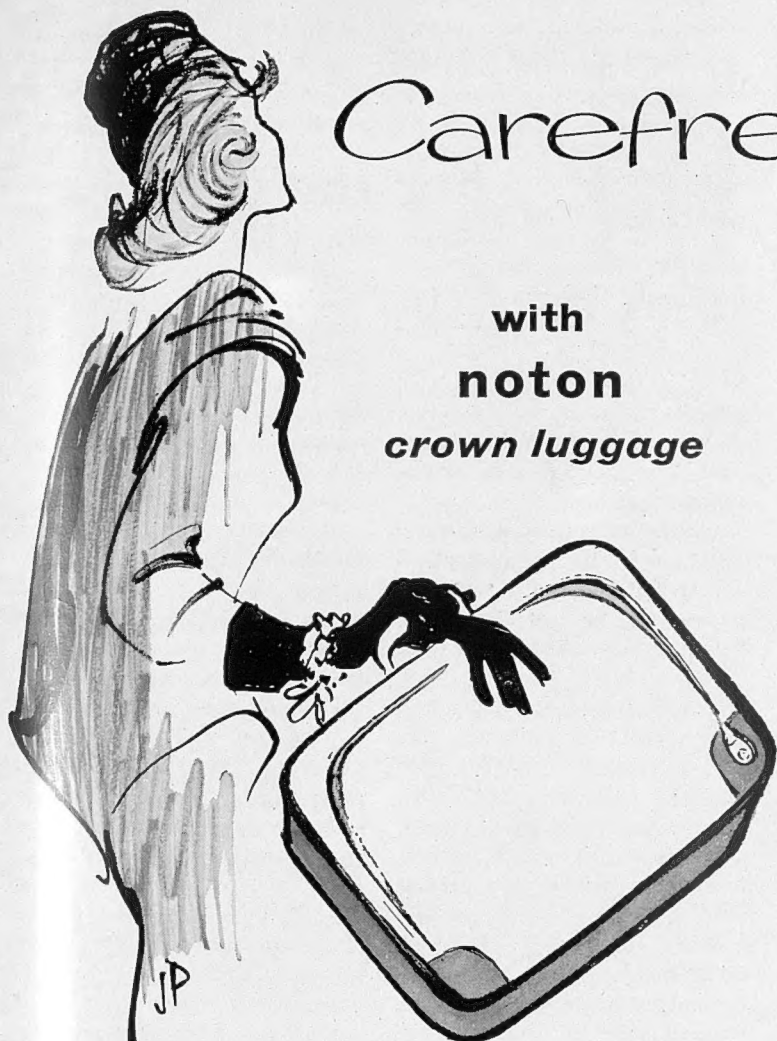


Retail Prices HAIG GOLD LABEL

Bottles	37/6	Quarter Flasks	10/-
Half Flasks	19/6	Miniatures	3/10

Carefree travelling

with
noton
crown luggage



Such light, lovely, luggage! The new Noton Crown Casual range of luggage is the simplest, lightest and most practical luggage imaginable. Just pop your things into a Casual Suitcase, zip up and away to wherever your fancy flies.

No more packing problems. There are light, roomy and strong Noton Casual Cases into which just 'everything' goes. These cases, the lightest of their type in the world, are available in four varieties: Cream/Havana, Cream/Blue, French Grey and Tan.

Ask your retailer to show you "A Guide to Noton Crown Luggage for 1959" Every kind of luggage is illustrated or fully described.

NOTON CASUAL RANGE	WEIGHT
21" Overnight Case £3. 15. 0	3½ lbs
24" Companion Case £4. 5. 0	4 lbs
28" Pullman Case £4. 17. 6	4¾ lbs
25" Two-Suiter £7. 5. 0	5 lbs

(with fitted hangers and folding attachment)



noton crown luggage

S. NOTON LIMITED · 22 BROOK STREET · LONDON, W1

Always look for the Noton Crown when you buy luggage

News for luxury-loving women!

Sorella

CHAMPAGNE

BUBBLE BATHS

*now come in three
enchanting perfumes*

PINK ROSE · JASMINE · BOUQUET

To the stimulation of their refreshing, invigorating *Champagne Bubble Baths*, Jean Sorelle have now added the final touch of perfection—three new, delightful perfumes. Choose from Pink Rose, Jasmine and Bouquet. Emerge from your bath sparkling with vitality, discreetly perfumed from head to toe. You'll revel in this new luxury

Bubble Bath, available in a complete range of sizes from the miniature at 1/6 to the economy size at 12/11.

Ask for **SORELLA Champagne Bubble Bath** at your Chemist or departmental store

Jean Sorelle Ltd., London, N.4



This is the standard size price 5/9, other sizes at 1/6, 2/11, 8/3 and 12/11.

The Perfect Make-up

*begins with
the deep cleansing of*
PRE-MAKE-UP SOAP



Contains Malt for a rich cleansing lather, Lanolin for nourishment and Avocado Pear Oil for smoothness in readiness for your make-up to last all day.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
TOILET SOAP MAKERS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN MOTHER
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

Bronnley

LONDON W.3

continued from 456

The Vine, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. REG 5789. C.S. Brand-new pub with a pleasant bar downstairs, a grill room well worth a visit upstairs, and the Bentley Brothers in the offing.

Wilton's, 34 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. WHI 8391. C.S. Small and exclusive, specializing in oysters, smoked salmon and grills.

PERSONAL CLUBS

YOU HAVE to be a member. I have given the names of the people who can make that easy if the club suits you or, just as important, if you suit the club. They only have one thing in common: you can enjoy yourself without suffering from financial cramp.

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

Albemarle Club, 25 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD 3454.) C.S. "Eddie" of The Albany's own club; friendly place, charcoal grill and bar at street level, restaurant downstairs.



Hanstown Club, 1 Hans Street, S.W.1. (SLO 4056.) C.S. Small—smart—no music—no radio—no television—the accent strictly on conversation and cuisine. Excellent suite for private parties.

Merrie's Club, 1 Baker Street, W.1. (WEL 5482.) On the first Thursday in each month during 1959 the drinks from 6 to 8 p.m. will be at 1934 prices to celebrate its 25th anniversary. The affability of its one owner, Lt.-Cdr. "Merrie" Andrew, D.S.C., and his wife, Mollie, must be the answer. Open for lunch; dine and dance until 12.30 a.m.

Pheasantry Club, 152 King's Road, S.W.3. (FLA 5326.) A gay place in the evenings, good food and wines, some excellent Italian dishes, Chianti galore; Mario Cazani and his bull terrier are joint owners.

Renaissance Club, 39a Harrington Road, S.W.7. (KEN 7761.) Happy-go-lucky, higgledy-piggledy—artist John Flanagan and his wife, Margaret, have kept it this way for 20 years. Good plain food, grills, dancing to a small band on a small floor.

Wellington Club, 116 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (KNI 4521.) C.S. Large luxurious bar; restaurant ideal for the business lunch. In the evening you can wine, dine and dance in comfort until 1 a.m. (and park your car in peace). Victor Ledger will fix your membership.



PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

For the children

by DOONE BEAL

EIGHT weeks to go, but not a day too soon to plan the place to take your children for the summer holidays.

Canvassing opinion among people who have experimented widely with children's holidays, it seems to be equally divided between those who think you should take under-twelves abroad with you, and those who hold, with equal conviction, that you shouldn't. What does emerge however (and this opinion is backed by even the most *avant-garde* who believe in inculcating garlicky food and the Continental way of life at the earliest opportunity) is that those rocky, sultry little Mediterranean resorts where the bathing is difficult and days are spent around café tables must be bypassed unless you want gippy tummies, tears before

bedtime, and your own offspring scowled at by the people who have had the good sense not to bring theirs.

In Brittany, the north coast of France and Denmark are resorts which make better provision for children than most. In Denmark, indeed, there are hotels specially for children.

One of these, just outside Copenhagen, is the Pernilles Children's Hotel at Rungsted. It is on a beach, there are trained nurses in charge and the age group is roughly five to 12. Cost is around 14s. a day, full board, with two or three to a bedroom. They cater rather to Embassy children, or those whose parents want to dump them while they tour the rest of Scandinavia. A heartless solution? Well, there is a compromise in the Hone Gardecoius



Children on the beach at Arcachon, near Bordeaux in the Gironde

Children's Service at Naeium, also just outside Copenhagen. They take children by the day or overnight, and arrange excursions for them to the Zoo and Tivoli. Charge is around 25s. a day.

Half an hour's drive outside Copenhagen is Hornbaek, backed by picnic-worthy pine-woods and miles of sand dunes. It is virtually a seaside villa resort—villas can be rented for around £10 a week—and there are two hotels, the Trouville and the Hotel Pension, offering double rooms between 26s. and £2 a day. Close by, at Elsinore, is the more luscious and sophisticated Marienlyst, complete with Denmark's only casino. Rates in July through to mid-September are up to 62s. a day for a double room, or 5 gns. for full pension.

Denmark's summer climate is breezy rather than languorous, the food is good, wholesome and uncomplicated. It is worth bearing in mind that their school holidays are from 22 June to 17 August, and it is much easier to get hotel bookings outside these dates.

In Brittany, during August

and September, you are almost looked at askance if you don't have children with you. Common to most of the French beach resorts of any size are the excellent open-air *Clubs des Pingouins* for children, with a gymnastic and swimming instructor, swings, slides, organized games, the lot. Charges are moderate for a day or half day, and an added bonus is that your children will probably emerge bilingual after a couple of weeks. One of the best of Brittany's resorts from a children's viewpoint is St. Cast, with two large, safe bathing beaches and rocks to climb. It has tennis and riding, and among its 32 hotels it should not be too difficult to find accommodation, even at the height of the season. Nearby is Sables-d'Or-Les-Pins: smaller, with a good sandy beach and the adult attraction of a casino. The nearest airport to both of these is Dinard.

Two miles away from Le Touquet (the beaches actually merge) is Stella-Plage, another favourite with the French for children's holidays. It is quiet, with four hotels and a number of villas to let.



A supervised children's beach at St. Cast, in Brittany

In Italy, San Remo and Alassio are two of the few resorts with large sandy beaches on the Mediterranean coast. However, Alitalia's flight to Rimini, which is starting this summer, conveniently opens up the northern Adriatic resorts—nearly all of which have flat, sandy beaches. Apart from Rimini itself—large, lively, with something for everyone—one of the nearest is Pesaro, with a two-mile beach and plenty to do in terms of theatres, concerts, etc.,

or excursions into central Italy—to Raphael's birthplace at Urbino, for example. Just north of Rimini, you might consider Cervia and Milano-Marittima, which form virtually one resort. Here are pinewoods, beach, riding, water sports, a harbour and some 40 hotels.

Children under the age of twelve travel at half-price on airlines operating throughout Europe. Most of the railways make concessions of the same order.

THE GRISONS ENGADINE

Switzerland's largest and most enchanting holiday region.

There are hundreds of possibilities to attract the walker, the mountaineer, the angler, and the swimming enthusiast... in short: to rejuvenate the body in the tonic mountain air.

Tours by rail and car. A dozen Alpine roads.

Apply to: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458/59 Strand, W.C.2, the Travel Agencies or to the Grisons Tourist Office, Coire, Switzerland.



St. Moritz
in the Alpine GOLF CENTRE
Seasons: June-September/December-March



Choose one of the BIG FOUR:

**THE KULM THE PALACE
THE CARLTON THE SUVRETTA**

The Four Leading Hotels

PONTRESINA KRONENHOF

The Grand Hotel of world-fame

Since 1848 managed by the Proprietors, Family L. Gredig



KLOSTERS GRAND HOTEL VEREINA

4,000 ft.

200 beds

on motor-car route to Italy and Austria. Strictly first class. Extensive gardens, tennis, heated swimming-pool, orchestra.

TARASP Spa

GRAND HOTEL KURHAUS

Scul-Tarasp-Vulpera Spa. Beautiful site of the Engadine. First-class in every respect. All cure-treatments (own physician) at the hotel.

ST. MORITZ

First-class Family Hotel of old standing. Near sources and baths. Park, Tennis, Orchestra. Full board: S.Fr. 25 and up.

HOTEL DU LAC

Toni Cavelti, Director.

VULPERA 4,200 ft. HOTELS WALDHAUS & SCHWEIZERHOF

Switzerland's top fashionable Alpine health resort. Cures for liver, bile and kidney troubles. Famous flower-gardens, golf, tennis, swimming-pool. Open May to Sept. 20th. Orchestra.

SILS-MARIA/BASELGLIA

The most comfortable, beautifully-styled Engadine residence in grandiose position. (6,000 ft.)

HOTEL MARGNA

Manager: T. Müssgens



BEACH — GOLF — TENNIS
MINIGOLF — FISHING
WEISSHORN CABLE AIRWAY

Hotel	Beds	Daily all-inc. rates	Hotel	Beds	Daily all-inc. rates	Hotel	Beds	Daily all-inc. rates
Hof Maran Golfhotel	110	21 to 30	Merkur	40	18 to 26	Hof Arosa	34	17 to 23
Posthotel	100	21 to 30	Streiff-Juventas	50	18 to 26	Quellenhof	75	17 to 23
Raetia	90	21 to 30	Suvretta	40	18 to 26	Gentiana	40	17 to 23
Seehof	110	21 to 30	Alpina	30	17 to 23	Obersee	30	17 to 23
Valsana	140	21 to 30	Bahnhof	30	17 to 23	Trauffer	25	16 to 21
Anita	45	18 to 26	Berghaus (Bristol)	40	17 to 23	Waldfrieden	16	16 to 21
Belvédère-Tanneck	65	18 to 26	Central	40	17 to 23	Bermont garni	35	10.50 to 17*
Carmenna	50	18 to 26	Guardaval	20	17 to 23			
Furka	35	18 to 26	Hehe Promenade	20	17 to 23			
Isla	54	18 to 26						

*(Room and breakfast)

WEDDINGS

Longfield—Dexter: Miss Susan Georgina Longfield, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Longfield, Moonhills, Bracknell, Berks. married Mr. Edward Ralph Dexter, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Dexter, Piazza Repubblica, Milan, at St. Michael's, Bray, Berkshire



Cadbury—Turner: Miss Anthea Cadbury, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Laurence Cadbury, The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham, married Mr. Lindsay Turner, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Turner, Kirkhill Road, Edinburgh, at The Meeting House, Bournville



Acheson—Hagart-Alexander: Miss Hilda E. Acheson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. M. Acheson, Ganges, British Columbia, married Sir Claud Hagart-Alexander, Bt., Mauchline, Ayr, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Alexander, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Bradshaw—Black: Miss Caroline Bradshaw, daughter of Maj.-Gen. W. P. A. & the Hon. Mrs. Bradshaw, Brackley, Northants, married Mr. Francis Black, son of Capt. Alan Black, R.N., & Mrs. Black, Lee-on-Solent, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



van Millingen—Backhouse: Miss Pamela van Millingen, daughter of the late Mr. E. F. M. and Mrs. van Millingen, West Byfleet, married Dr. Charles Backhouse, son of Capt. I. O. & Mrs. Backhouse, Beaconsfield, at St. John Baptist, W. Byfleet

ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Jill Adams to Mr. David Hicks. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. T. Adams, Wellesley House, Brookvale Road, Southampton. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. H. Hicks, of Rochester



Yevonde

Miss Elizabeth Coutts-Trotter to Mr. Cornelius Willson. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Coutts-Trotter, Lansdowne Road, W.11. He is the son of the late Sir Walter Willson, and Lady Willson, Tonbridge, Kent



Yevonde

Miss Lucy Gough to Mr. Harold M. Temple-Richards. She is the daughter of the Rt. Rev. Hugh Gough & the Hon. Mrs. Gough, Stifford, Essex. He is the son of Brig. & Mrs. Temple-Richards, Hindringham Hall, Norfolk



Lenare

Miss Belinda Nicholson to the Hon. James A. Turner. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Nicholson, Firbeck, Notts. He is the son of Lord & Lady Netherthorpe, Monken Hadley, Herts



Vol. CCXXXII No 3020 27 MAY 1959

*At the Caledonian Ball
(more pictures overleaf)*



SOCIAL DIARY BY MURIEL BOWEN

Busy times for the Queen Mother

WHAT CONSTANTLY SURPRISES PEOPLE CLOSE TO THE **Queen Mother** is her remarkable vitality. This week her whirlwind schedule, ranging from opening a bridge over the River Don to a hospital in South Wales, means travelling 1,123 miles. She will fulfil official engagements in England, Scotland and Wales, whisked from one to the next by royal car, train (overnight ones to save time), and Herons of the Queen's Flight. And for the next two and a half months there will be no letting up. Six years ago many people expected the Queen Mother to spend most of her time in the remote north of Scotland at the Castle of Mey. But now she scarcely ever has time to go there. Just one visit a year, two at the most. Church, Army, welfare, and education functions take up tracts of her time. Then there are the important visitors from abroad whom she meets, such as King Olav of Norway who will be spending this weekend at Windsor Castle.

continued overleaf



Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., secretary and organizer of the ball

Social Diary *continued*

Far from feeling worn out by it all the Queen Mother enjoys the spice of excitement which goes with a crowded round. She likes people, and she likes fun. It was she who had *The Dashing White Sergeant* added to the list of Scottish dances at the Royal Caledonian Ball. The constant changing of partners, she pointed out, would enable her to meet more people than she could by dancing another reel. Dancers on the night gave enthusiastic approval to her request, over 1,000

pairs of feet dancing *The Dashing White Sergeant*. The performance had so much gusto that **Lord Adam Gordon**, Comptroller of her Household, lost a tassel off his sporran!

The ball (a benefit for Scottish charities) brought a fashionable crush to the Great Room at Grosvenor House. The tall, kilted **Duke of Atholl**, partnered by his kinswoman, Miss **Sheelin Maxwell**, led off the dancing of the set reels which had been brilliantly arranged by **Lady Gillian Anderson**. The Scots put on a fine show and the Sassenachs sensibly watched from the balcony, a vantage point high above the ballroom floor. "I wouldn't say that Scottish dancing is difficult," said the Duke of Atholl. "It's all a matter of practice. I practised most of this afternoon."

Viscount Fincastle, Lt.-Col. R. A. A. S. Macrae (Seaforth Highlanders), Mr. **David Buchan** of Auchmacoy, and **The Master of Reay** (in a dashing plum velvet jacket) stood out for the style and skill of their dancing. Partnering them were many of the young girls who are coming out this year, like Lady Diana Douglas-Home (daughter of the **Earl of Home**, the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, & the **Countess of Home**), the Hon. Fiona Fraser, Lady Lemina Gordon and Miss Zandra Drummond-Moray.

It was the most dressed-up Royal Caledonian since the war. Even the English guests—the **Hon. Langton Iliffe**, Mr. **Simon Reynolds** and Mr. **Jocelyn Graham White** among them—wore red facings to their coats. "It is the very next best thing to being a Scot tonight," smiled the **Marchioness of Huntly**.

WHY THE DENTISTS SMILED

Another function centring on the Queen Mother last week was the centenary dinner of the Royal Dental Hospital of London and the hospital's school of dental surgery. She was there (at the Dorchester) in her capacity as Chancellor of the University of London and she sat in the centre of a long top table between Mr. **C. Bowdler Henry** and Dr. **C. F. Harris**. In the speeches there were many references to the tremendous role of "The Royal" in research and its successful pioneer work in almost a dozen fields of dental surgery. The fact that the centenary had been celebrated at least once previously and is likely to be celebrated at least once more was mentioned. This is due to a slight—and welcome—confusion over the dates.

Viscount Moneckton was congratulated on his wife's speech, though he had nothing to do with it. "I knew she would do well," he said. "At the last



The Countess of Erroll with Major W. G. Gordon of Lude. She is the Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland



Miss Nicola Tiernay and Mr. Simon Firbank jive to Cam Robbie and his Band

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN

Right: The Earl of Wemyss
watches the dancing.
Background: Miss Frances
Montagu-Douglas-Scott



Viscount & Viscountess
Stormont



Lady Diana Douglas-Home,
with Mr. Stephen Lindsay

General Election I was held up in London with the railway strike and she took most of my meetings in the constituency. I don't know what she said but I got back with an increased majority." (Lord Monckton was then M.P. for Bristol West.) Viscountess Monckton was speaking at the dinner as the chairman (and the only woman member) of that august body, the council of the Royal Dental Hospital School of Dental Surgery.

The dentists, several hundreds of them, were all smiles, and did not let it pass unnoticed that they had never seen such happy smiles on the faces of their patients.

Eminent members of the profession and their wives who were present included **Sir Wilfred Fish**, president of the General Dental Council, & Lady Fish, Mr. W. R. Tattersall, the president of the British Dental Association, & Mrs. Tattersall, Professor A. B. MacGregor from Birmingham, Professor Frank Dunkin from Dublin, and **Professor R. B. Lucas**, Dean of the Royal Dental Hospital School, & Mrs. Lucas.

Viscount Ingleby, the chairman of the Board of Governors of St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner, was being asked about the new St. George's. "It will be 15 years or so before we move to Wandsworth," he said. "We've just spent half a million pounds on new equipment—much of it raised by voluntary subscription before the war. We're looking very shabby on the outside at the moment but next year we will be all painted up—we are very conscious of our prominent position." St. George's is associated as a teaching hospital with the Royal College of Dental Surgery.

THE SHAH AND THE SUNSHINE

The **Shah of Persia** stayed on privately in London for 10 days after his official visit. His reception at the Persian Embassy was another colourful occasion. The weather brought out a profusion of crisp summer dresses, and the weather was inevitably the chief topic of conversation. "People keep telling me that I brought the good weather," the Shah said to me. "But they keep asking me to leave it behind when I go—if only it were possible." He wasn't surprised to find so much discussion about the weather. He's been here before.

The **Duchess of Argyll**, **Sir Percy Loraine**, Mr. **Patrick Wall**, M.P., & Mrs. Wall, climbed the stone staircase to the large first-floor reception room where they were welcomed by the Shah and the **Persian Ambassador**, Mr. Hossein Ghods-Nakhai. Mr. **Iain Macleod**, Minister of Health, came without his invitation—he had to remain at the door until he was identified. Guests were encouraged to bring their drinks out on to the cool balcony, which overlooks Hyde Park. Many of them did—but not Mr. **Nubar Gulbenkian**, the Honorary Commercial Attaché at the embassy, who came with Mrs. Gulbenkian. He dived into the crowd as if it were a hot bath and started introducing people all round. The Persians are wonderful hosts; everybody is made to feel welcome.

Talk centred on Persia. **Sir Geoffrey Harrison**, our Ambassador there, told me that the British colony in Teheran now numbers more than 1,000, compared with 15 in 1953. "There's a flourishing St. Andrew's Society and a St. George's which is almost as big," he said. A constant reminder of

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



Stephanie

ELIZABETH (one year), youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. **Harold McCue**, Redington Road, N.W.3



Vivienne

INGVAR (five years), son of **Dr. S. G. Svenson & Mrs. Svenson** (ballerina **Beryl Grey**), Davies Street, W.1



Lenore

MARK (two years) and **CLARE** (three months) with their mother, **Mrs. Richard Gubbins**, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3



Vice-Admiral Sir Robin Durnford-Slater with Miss Valerie Richardson & Miss Lone Sachs at Thorpe Bay



Club members Miss Vicky James & Mr. Michael Grigsby with their catamaran Lucifer

Club Commodore Mr. Christopher Hobday



K. Woolcott

SOCIAL DIARY continued from page 463

London are the double-decker buses to be seen in the narrow, twisting streets. "They're a very pleasant sight," Sir Geoffrey said. The Ambassador's sons, John (who is at Oxford) and Bruce (who has just finished at Wellington), have been joined by eight companions in buying a battered old bus in which they will shortly drive to Persia. The Ambassador has returned to his post by air. A pity. I'm sure he'd have preferred the bus.

FULL SAIL AT THORPE BAY

Television cameras went to Thorpe Bay, Essex, for the opening of the New Thorpe Bay Yacht Club by Vice-Admiral Sir Robin Durnford-Slater, Commander-in-Chief, The Nore. It was a measure of the greatly increased interest in yachting. Mr. Christopher Hobday, the present commodore, and a handful of enthusiasts started the club 10 years ago with few boats, "no money," and a beach hut as clubhouse. Now they have 110 boats, 450 members, and a clubhouse that cost £10,000.

"I'm all for doing as these young people have done, jumping in at the deep end and not worrying too much," counselled Mrs. "Connie" Layland, over a cup of tea on the balcony. "What happens too often nowadays is that people worry over security and money and by the time they have got both they are too old to have any fun." Mrs. Layland is one of the more lively and amusing characters on the Essex coast and the first woman to become mayor of neighbouring Southend.

The place bristled with young people, especially young handsome bachelors (the club can take more members and there is "unlimited" parking space for boats). There were also a number of young girls busy crewing such as Miss Brenda Morton, Miss Jacqueline Welfare, and Miss Elizabeth Western. Pretty 18-year-old Vicky James

was another. She is studying dress designing in London but has no intention of re-designing her bright yellow yachting oilskins. "They inflate beautifully and the bright yellow can be seen for miles—I feel sure that whenever I'm washed overboard I'll always be picked up!"

Most of the guests, Commodore John Morris of the Leigh-on-Sea Sailing Club, Mr. & Mrs. F. G. Williams, Vice-Commodore C. J. Morehouse (his 40-ft. ketch, Cee Jay, a wonderful sight dressed over all), Mr. Stephen McAdden, M.P., and Mr. Roger Dace arrived by car, which was disappointing considering the glorious weather. Only the Royal Navy did things in style. Vice-Admiral Sir Robin Durnford-Slater (he was C-in-C. Mediterranean during the Suez landings) came across from Chatham in an admiral's barge, accompanied by Lady Durnford-Slater and Lieut. Patrick Bryans, who was going down to Sussex later in the evening to dine with his fiancée Miss Rosemary Wheeler.

The barge, a slick sea-green affair, was a great success. "Even certain flying officers entitled to personal planes call them 'barges,'" said the Admiral. "I understand it makes some people at the Air Ministry very cross."

SPANISH TO PASS THE TIME

The Duke & Duchess of Bedford had 40 people to dine at Woburn Abbey to celebrate the launching of his autobiography, *A Silver-Plated Spoon*. The Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford (also leading stately-homers) were there, and so were the Duchess of Leinster (the Duchess of Bedford's mother), Mr. & Mrs. Cadness Page and Sir Geoffrey & Lady Barnett. Lady Barnett told me she has taught herself Spanish this winter while travelling to London in the train for her weekly TV show. "I have to leave Leicester at such an awkward hour," she said, "and it takes my mind off other people enjoying roast beef and Yorkshire pudding while I have a bun or something."

It was the first banquet in the Woburn dining-room since Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort dined there 118 years ago. The footmen wore knee breeches and powdered wigs, and it was all exactly similar to the night Queen Victoria dined there—apart from the menu. The present Duchess decided she would have to improve on that.

Point-to-point of the Old Surrey & Burstow

AT SPITALS CROSS, EDENBRIDGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



Miss Angela Covell returns to the paddock after winning the Ladies' Race on her father's horse, Lobau Lad



Major D. C. Mann with Mr. & Mrs. Peter Winch



Vanessa & Nichola Lloyd with Charles Davies. One of the principal races was that of the newly re-formed Stock Exchange Point-to-point Club



Col. Sir Ralph Clarke, joint-Master of the Old Surrey & Burstow

Below: The Hon. Philip Kindersley and Mr. J. Schilizzi were both judges



Left: Miss Priscilla & Miss Tessa Covell (sisters of the Ladies' Race winner) with Mr. Philip Edwards



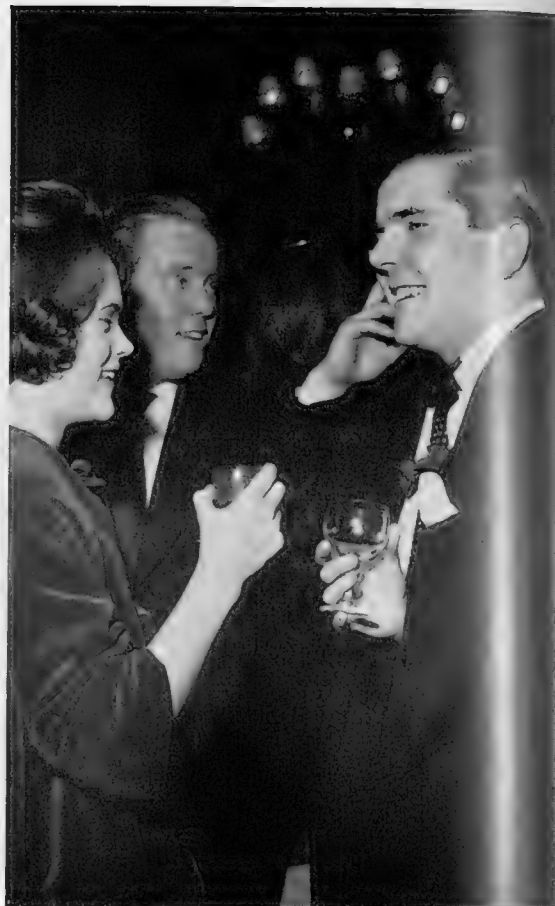
THE JUSTICE BALL: A photograph taken at the Justice Ball (6 May issue) carried an incorrect caption describing it as being of Lord Justice Morris, who was not present. The picture, in fact, showed Lord Morris. The TATLER greatly regrets this annoying confusion, and offers apologies to both Lord Morris and Lord Justice Morris.

Débutante party for

Lady Susanna Montgomerie

GIVEN AT THE CAVALRY CLUB BY THE EARL & COUNTESS OF EGLINTON & WINTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



The Earl and Countess of Eglinton & Winton. Their home is in Ayrshire

Miss Jenny Birkin (daughter of Sir Charles & Lady Birkin), Miss Sarah Eccles & Mr. Patrick Brewster

Miss Sarah Drummond, Mr. Michael Bower & Lord Montgomerie (brother of Lady Susanna Montgomerie)



Lady Diana Douglas-Home, Miss Victoria Vaughan & Mr. Garry Daintry



Miss Grania Villiers-Stuart & Mr. Roddy Hudson



Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
Francis Ogilvy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Virginia Tyler,
daughter of Major & Mrs.
Edward Tyler

Miss Caroline Hubbard,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
Tatlock Hubbard

Débutante dance for two

MISS KATHARINE CARLISLE AND MISS
SARAH HOPE AT THE HURLINGHAM CLUB



Miss Evelyn
Heathcoat-Amory



Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker



Miss Marietta
Speed, daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Speed

Miss Katharine Carlisle &
Miss Sarah Hope. The
dance was given by
their mothers, the
Hon. Mrs. Carlisle
and Mrs. Hope



Ready for the move from the Old Cottage, Vale of Health. Hassall lived there seven years

Christopher
Hassall's

REMOVAL DAY

The author of a new biography of Edward Marsh* has just moved from his Vale of Health cottage to an historic manor house in Kent. His Hampstead neighbour, GERTI DEUTSCH, photographed the transfer

The new home: Tonford Manor. The gateway survives from the original house which was surrounded by a moat

* Edward Marsh, to be published by Longman's on June 8 at 42s.



TWO MANY-SIDED TALENTS

THE LATE SIR EDWARD MARSH WAS A SCHOLAR, A PATRON OF THE Arts, and for many years private secretary to Sir Winston Churchill. He chose his close friend Christopher Hassall to be his literary executor—and in so doing picked a chronicler as many-sided as himself. For Hassall is poet, librettist and dramatist, as well as biographer. He has in addition a musician's training, an artistic family background, and experience as a professional actor. He has written lyrics for musicals and taught speech delivery. It seems doubtful if there is anybody in the whole field of the arts—about which so much of his new book will be concerned—with so varied a practical experience of it. More surprising still, this versatile talent was at one time destined for the Church.

It happened like this. Hassall, son of John Hassall, artist and pioneer poster-designer, went to St. Michael's College, a choir school near Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire. There, he sang psalms twice a day for five years (which, he says, has given him an exact ear for



Down on his knees to polish the hall floor. The Manor, two miles from Canterbury, was built in 1280. The front was destroyed, probably during the Civil War, and rebuilt with a formal red brick façade in the 18th century



Workmen putting in new drains found medieval glazed pottery. Below: Mr. Hassall digs up ancient stonework ready for repair operations. The ruined turret is one of original four

the weight and balance of the English language, important when writing librettos to music). Later, he went up to Oxford to read music and English, and subsequently study for the Church. However, on the advice of Archbishop Temple (who thought his views too unorthodox) he gave up theology. But he has never lost his feeling for the Church, as evidenced by his religious verse dramas, one of which has been performed in Westminster Abbey, and another in Canterbury Cathedral.

When he left Oxford, his amateur success with the University Dramatic Society prompted him to become an actor. (Gielgud, in what was his first production, had cast him as Romeo. Juliet was played by Peggy Ashcroft, Mercutio by George Devine, the nurse by Edith Evans, and Terence Rattigan had a minor part.) So Hassall joined a professional company and toured abroad for a year. On his return he appeared at the Old Vic, and later became

continued overleaf





Looking for woodworm in the old chestnut vaulting. This is part of the original roof of the great hall, later divided into several rooms. In 1518 Henry VIII stopped at the Manor for "refreshment and a change of clothes"

Christopher Hassall's REMOVAL DAY *concluded*

understudy to Ivor Novello. It was Novello who made it possible for him to give up the stage when he asked Hassall to write the lyrics for his first big musical play *Glamorous Night*. Collaboration with Novello lasted through six shows.

How did Hassall move from lyrics to librettos? During the war the B.B.C. asked him to prepare a birthday tribute to Reynaldo Hahn and he translated his songs into English. This led to larger projects, including librettos for works by Bartok, Dvorak, Lehar, Rimsky-Korsakov and Donizetti. He is also the original librettist for Walton's *Troilus & Cressida*, and for a forthcoming work by Sir Arthur Bliss. Thus he has been able to make use of both his literary and musical talents, just as in his many verse-speaking recitals he has combined his skill as a poet and his experience as an actor.

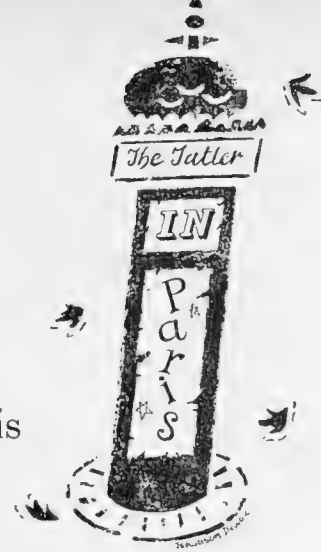
As a biographer, too, he husbands his resources. His first biography, *The Timeless Quest*, was of Stephen Haggard, the young actor and writer who was killed during the war. His latest is of a man whom he knew as a friend and whose life ranged over so many artistic interests shared by Hassall himself.

Mr. Hassall's new workroom has a doorway leading to the upper room of the only turret still in use. He says he bought the manor because it is in his favourite part of England and because of the dual nature of its architecture



ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE

reports from Paris



The Duchess de Maillé plans a deb ball

JUST about now some 50 French girls between 18 and 21 years old should be opening invitations to the 1959 débutante ball, to be held on 3 July at the Palace of Versailles. On the other side of the Atlantic similar invitations are going to about 120 American girls. To the chagrin of many other young girls equally well endowed with débutante suitabilities, only 200 girls in all will be invited, a smattering from Britain and a few Continental countries making up the round number. What is it all about? Ostensibly the idea is to bring together young people and to launch girls into international society. But the underlying idea is to maintain Paris in all its importance as a social centre—hence the bill for the ball is being footed by a business syndicate from the French luxury trades.

Heading the organizing committee is the Duchess de Maillé, *née* Princess Anka Radziwill. The duchess, who is Polish by birth, has with her on the committee the Princess Marie-Jeanne Poniatowska, who is French and married to a Polish Prince. Other members are the Duchess de Montesquiou Fézensac, the Duchess des Cars, Madame Louis Jacquinot, the Countess Aymar-Eric de Dampierre and the Countess Armand de la Rochefoucauld, who is American.

The débutantes will make a formal curtsy at the ball to someone yet unnamed, but this will not be in any sense an act of obeisance. It will just show that the girl, in relevant ways, has arrived. Foreign embassies are helping in the choice of débutantes and the young men—the squiring ratio will be two escorts to one girl. Other advice will come from the various little groups in Paris called “rallies” in which young people very seriously put on their dinner jackets or their party frocks and go to dance with great decorum at each other’s houses throughout the winter and the summer seasons. Last year, when the French deb ball was started (with the slightly vague notion of filling the gap left by the stopping of the London presentations to the Queen), no one knew each other very well. This year, says the Duchess de Maillé, committees of the young themselves will prepare parties in advance and the transatlantic fledgelings will be invited to receptions at several country châteaux. Further parties are to be fixed for the days after

the ball so that tender contacts made under its glamour will not just disappear with the morning when the women sweepers of the palace slide about its polished floors on cleaning pads attached to their feet. (I hope they still do the place like this. As a child I thought it an enviable job.)

Under the bridges

Besides easing the social growing pains of gilded youth the amiable Duchess de Maillé spends her mornings at Nanterre Hospital, near Paris, doing social work for the “clochards”—France’s down-and-outs, the vagrants and the sleepers-beneath-bridges. She is an *assistante sociale*—something between W.V.S., V.A.D. and Universal Aunt.

The duchess recently made a first visit to New York. She found it fascinating, but told me that the English spoken there was not much like that which they taught her at the Convent of the Holy Child, Hastings, when she was a girl. She has a son called Stanislaus just entering his teens (a teen-verger?) and a daughter who is married to Prince Guy de Broglie. (Pronounced “de Broy,” whereas the Prince de Croÿ pronounces himself “de Crvee”—but who are we to complain?) Her elder son was killed in a flying crash in 1953 while serving in the army.

The racing churches

The Scottish Church in Paris was dedicated earlier this month. The foundation stone was laid by the Queen during her visit about two years ago. The church is set between much higher buildings in the rue Bayard, has a slightly dour look and

continued overleaf



Piget's painting of the Duchess de Maillé was shown recently in his Paris exhibition at the Galerie Paul Ambroise



Sir Gladwyn & Lady Jebb
at the dedication of the
Scottish Kirk, with (on right) the Rector

ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE *continued*

is not more than a few caber tosses from Christian Dior. It is one of the five British churches in Paris—if you include St. Joseph's, which is Catholic and Eireann and has the strong touch of Maynooth Seminary, Co. Dublin. The others are the British Embassy Church, the St. George's Anglican Church, and the British Methodist Church. All are comfortably within a Sunday morning's walking distance from the Rond Point des Champs-Élysées.

There are also three British churches within easy reach of Paris. Of these two belong to historic racing communities. In Ernest Hemingway's early story *My Old Man*, the jockey's son Joe says: "We went out to live at Maisons-Lafitte where just about everybody lives except the gang out at Chantilly." The generalization is not, still, quite false. Racing in France tends to centre on Maisons-Lafitte and Chantilly and for certainly 100 years there have gathered there the Irish and the English who provide the life's blood of racing. At Chantilly the Protestant church of St. Peter's is built on land given by Louis Philippe's soldier son, the Duke d'Aumale, for the religious education of stable lads and those mixed up with racing. The Church of the Holy Trinity at Maisons-Lafitte was handsomely endowed by the American millionaire Jay Gould, and here again the congregation depends a good deal for its living on the thoroughbred.

When the Germans occupied Paris in 1940 and the British subjects were rounded up, Maisons and Chantilly were left virtually empty. A friend whose interests are musical rather than racing spent the war in an internment camp in France together with many of these racing people. "They were a decent lot really, though they kept very much to themselves. But, dear me," he said, "their LANGUAGE!"

May—and a few people

Altogether nine out of the 31 days of May are holidays for one reason or another. But this year it was curious how far the holidays were ignored and the shops stayed open. Because Ascension Day and VE-Day fell on Thursday and Friday of the same week the banks closed from Wednesday midday until the following Monday morning. No one seemed sure which day they were celebrating... whether they should be in church contemplating the mysteries or at the Arc de Triomphe laying flowers on the grave of the unknown soldier. (At some calculable point in the future, Ascension Day and VE-Day will arrive together and the schizophrenia will be even worse.) Then follows the long weekend of Whitsun. Anyway, the month's weather has developed charmingly and perhaps this caused so many friends to have "a few people" around to their houses. For example... birthday party for **Hamilton McKinney**, a Virginian and an admiral's son. His wife Babs gave him a grand piano as a present, thinking it would be "a nice surprise." It was an appalling shock to his neighbours in the same building on the avenue Foch, and by the end of

the day protests had been made. Mrs. McKinney, *née* Norman, is English, but she was sent to America as an evacuee child at the beginning of the war and became sort of assimilated. But nobody can present a more fiery defence of the genus "Limey" than Mrs. McKinney, for all that it is done in an American accent. The guests come from various countries and at one point I found myself having a confusing conversation about nationalities with a pleasant young Rumanian; but it all clarified itself when I found he was a son of the King. He looked in fact exactly like his father King Carol.

... Diplomatic party given by the **Jonkheer & Madame Jean de Ranitz**, the guests being mainly Dutch, linguistically gifted and notably tall. Among them was the Dutch Ambassador to France, M. Stikker, who used to be in London.

... **Nancy Mitford** in the apt setting of her house in the rue Monsieur. It is surely one of the loveliest houses in Paris and thus, logically, in the habitable world.

... The commandant **Jacques Huntziger & Madame** (*née* Isaure de Féligonde), just back from Brazil, in their extraordinary little mews flat in the rue Saint Florentin. This was just a matter of a few friends, including Viscount & Viscountess de Farey, Count & Countess de Biéville, Baron & Baroness François de Nervo, M. Paul Ghali and Mr. Stephen Higgins & Madame (*née* Nicole de Durand de Prémorel). Mr. Higgins tends to wince at the mention of the success of *My Fair Lady*.

LOOKING AT MODERN ART



The bustling Foire de Paris surprised regulars this year with the exhibition shown here, from Louis Carré's gallery

DUFY
ES VILLON
NG LANSKOY
IDER
AIRE
LT
ER
LOY
L DUFY
AIRE
ES VILLON
S
ES



To buy or not to buy? The woman at the table (*above*) has just been told that the Picasso on show costs around £22,000, the De Stael about £19,000. *Left*: A Paris workman stands at the entrance to the show (the fair is held at the Porte de Versailles) pondering lists of exhibitions held at the Galerie Louis Carré since 1938

LE CO
1941 WALCH
JEAN
BRIAN
RAOUL
MATIS
MAILL
1942 K.N. RO
ROUAI
1945 RAOUL
POUGN
1944 MAILL
LURÇA
JACOU
1945 LEGER
BAZAI
PICAS
LAURE
1946 LEGER
PICAS
CALDE
1947



Studies in reaction. Duchamp-Villon's sculpture *The Horse* dates from 1914 but still arouses lively controversy. It is viewed (*above*) with frank distress by three members of an older generation; with delight by the young lady (*left*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INA BANDY



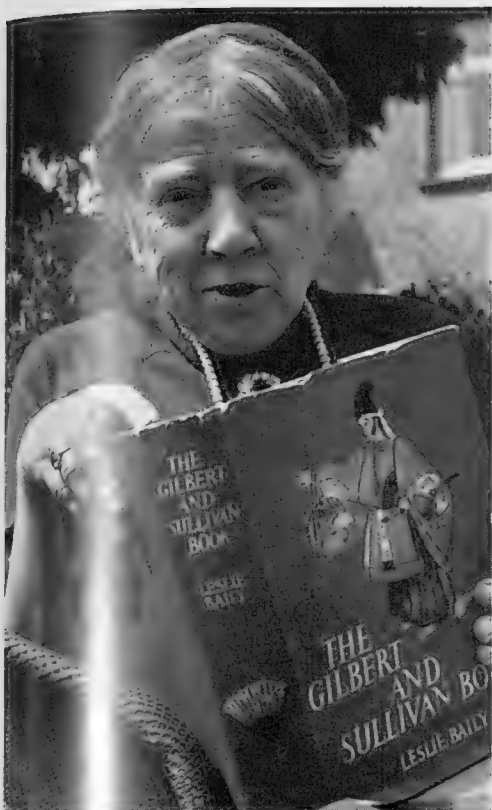
NEWS PORTRAITS



Ida Kar

CONTACT Mr. David Senior, 35-year-old Russian-speaking Cambridge graduate, is to be Britain's first scientific attaché in Moscow. His wife Sheila and their two children Hugh, 2½, and Andrew, 8 months, go with him and the family will live in a flat near the centre of Moscow. Mr. Senior, who has been at the Admiralty Laboratory, Teddington, since 1950, describes his new appointment as that of "a sort of marriage broker." He will provide the point of contact between scientists in Britain and Russia. Mr. Senior is concerned only with civil science. Sputniks, rockets, secret developments are all outside his field

CLASS Lotte Lehmann (right), one of the world's greatest exponents of *lieder*, began a new life of teaching when she retired from the concert platform and the opera stage. Here during one of her current Master Classes in London she puts her fingers in her mouth to stress the phrasing of a duet in Puccini's *Suor Angelica* to her pupil and protégée, mezzo-soprano Grace Bunbury, from St. Louis, Missouri. In her teaching Miss Lehmann uses *sprechgesang*—a mixture of singing and speech. She was last in London 18 months ago when she gave a series of classes. Her return visit was again organized by the National School of Opera



R. C. Bourne



A. Branca

CAMPAIN Miss Dorothy M. Alderley, 72, of Oxford, refuses to abandon her four-year fight for the preservation of the copyright of the words of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas. Her petition to Parliament signed by 500,000 opera lovers—was turned down recently by the President of the Board of Trade, Sir David Eccles. But Mr. Lawrence, M.P. for Oxford and a grandson of the famous G & S comedian, George Grossmith, has written to Miss Alderley with a plan to canvass support from all parts of the House for a further approach

CANVAS Painter Pietro Annigoni divides his time these days between his home in Florence and the studio in Chelsea where he recently completed a portrait of Julie Andrews in time for her wedding. His newest painting (shown for the first time above) is an allegory of his own life. It will be shown, together with another large canvas he is completing in Florence, at a personal exhibition of his work in London and New York next year. The allegory, to be called *The great fear and the small fear*, shows a friar on a donkey and a devil against the background of a burning town

E. Auerbach







Victoria. The cover girl
wears an Autumn Haze
mink stole with a green
taffeta dress. From
Rebenham & Freebody, the
stole: 425 gns., dress: 68½ gns.,
gold mesh bag: 6½ gns. Left: In
Glyndebourne's Green Room
conductor Rothenberger
rehearses with coach Paul
Hamburger

GLYNDEBOURNE

Twenty-five years of Festival Opera have produced in remote Sussex an opera-minded community, described here by SPIKE HUGHES (who recently joined it). He also writes, on page 480, programme notes for the jubilee season's performances

"WHY NOT COME AND LIVE WITHIN REACH OF this Festival Opera House?" So began the 150-word manifesto published by the management in the programme that accompanied the two productions inaugurating the first Glyndebourne Festival Opera season in 1934. The manifesto was entitled "Where to Live." It so happens that exactly a quarter of a century later, owing to circumstances entirely unconnected with that Founder's Day appeal of Mr. Christie's, I find myself living within a crowflight mile of that Festival Opera House.

The Sussex village of Ringmer (pop. 2,124) provides the opera house box-office with an exchange for its telephone number and the A.A. with posts to put their yellow signs on. Otherwise it plays little part in the lives of those who

attend the Glyndebourne operas. For them it is merely the last landmark on the road to the Festival Opera House. There are no souvenir shops in Ringmer, no *syndicat d'initiative* to think up ways of taking the tourist's money, no cafés with gaily coloured awnings for the opera-goer to sit out under after the performance—though the village's five dissipated (i.e. widely dispersed) public houses are open until 10.30 p.m. The stickers on local motor-car windcreens do not mention Glyndebourne, but advertise the Lewes Amateur Operatic Society's production of *Patience* and the Ringmer Fête Week, one of the organizers of which is the secretary of the football club who bears the admirably operatic surname of Christoff.

In other words, in all the 25 years of the Glyndebourne
continued overleaf

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES



GLYNDEBOURNE PRINCIPALS: Above: Artistic director Professor Carl Ebert rehearses his farewell production of *Der Rosenkavalier* with Elizabeth Rust and Elizabeth Soderstrom (carrying sword). Above, left: The Professor's son, Peter Ebert (he is staging *Idomeneo*), with Angela Vercelli (Electra). Left: Around the piano, Lauri Payne (Abace in *Idomeneo*), Peter Ebert, Jani Strasser (head of music staff) and Angela Vercelli



COSTUMES wait for curtain-up. This one will be worn by Régine Crespin as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* included in the repertoire for the first time this year



PAPERS wait for Glyndebourne's general manager, Mr. Moran Caplat. He studies a file in the sunshine on the terrace while rehearsals continue in the main building



Festival Opera there have been no signs that Ringmer would ever become an English Salzburg or Bayreuth, or even an English Edinburgh or Wexford. There is nothing to suggest to the casual visitor that Ringmer either knows or cares about Glyndebourne.

To those of us who live in Ringmer, on the other hand, it is a village that is anything but unaffected by Festival Opera. One way and another Glyndebourne is with us all the year round. To begin with, the *châtelain* of Glyndebourne House and founder of the Festival Opera is Lord of the Manor of Ringmer—and it is by permission of John Christie that the village green is used for cricket and its medieval variant, stoolball, which the women and girls of all Sussex play with ferocious enthusiasm. (Football has always been barred, it seems, because the Lord of the Manor fears the game would bring in its wake charabancs, rattles and handbells, the scenes and crowds of a Wembley Cup Final. Ringmer F.C., tired of hoping for a change of heart, have now found themselves a permanent ground elsewhere and on winter Saturday afternoons the green remains undisturbed as before.)

Mr. Christie's interests in Ringmer are more than territorial and manorial, however; his family arms decorate the 15th-century parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, where he reads the lessons and where William Penn married a local girl called Gulielma Springett, and where John Harvard found a wife in the daughter of the vicar the year before he emigrated and founded his university in Cambridge, Mass. (A copy of the *Harvard Bulletin* covering the 1957 football game against Yale will be found displayed just inside the church door as a reminder of this association.) The names of Penn and Harvard share prominent places on the painted village sign with a picture of a tortoise, the symbol of Gilbert White's visits to Ringmer to see his aunt, from whom he inherited an ancient specimen of this animal. Gilbert White's tortoise evidently has a special place in Ringmer lore, for it appears (with the Rev. White in the near-nude) in sculptured high relief on the wall of the new secondary school and on the badges of the school children's blazers.

To be honest, however, it must be confessed that William Penn, John Harvard, Gilbert White and the tortoise mean less to Ringmer in the end than John Christie. For a large number of the population are employed on what is known as "the Estate"—a generic term for many people and enterprises directly connected with Glyndebourne, the theatre, and the numerous and extensive properties belonging to the Christie family in these parts. Among these enterprises are the local building works, the forge, the garage and its subsidiary (one floor up), the electrical works. Between them these four concerns have built, altered and maintained the theatre, its scenery and lighting system for a quarter of a century, and seem likely to do so for many years to come. Alterations to the fabric and mechanics of the theatre are virtually incessant, and this year those who know Glyndebourne will find a whole new rehearsal block has been built since last year—and all at cost, of course, for the Estate cuts out the middle man.

Sussex has never had much of a reputation as a musical county, though it was the home of the English village church orchestras formed at the end of the 18th century to accompany choir and congregation where there was no organ. These bands sometimes included violins and 'cellos but usually consisted of a large complement of flutes, clarinets, bassoons, trombones and serpents. Two relics of what has been called the "English village orchestral era" are to be seen—but, sadly, not heard—in Ringmer Church.

PLANS bubble from Glyndebourne's founder Mr. John Christie seen (*left*) with one of the carpenters

Glyndebourne *continued*

People behind the operas



BACKSTAGE at Glyndebourne. *Left:* Painting scenery for Mozart's *Idomeneo*. *Below:* Scenery and backdrops are moved into position for opening night

A flute and a bassoon hang on the south wall with inscriptions to tell us that they were bequeathed to the church where they had been played for many years by their long-deceased owners.

There are no church bands in Ringmer any more, but in their place an unusual community of consumers of music has formed in the past quarter of a century, with the Estate playing the part it does in the in-and-out-of-season life of Glyndebourne, as the core from which it has developed. The Estate's backstage familiarity with opera is naturally pretty extensive after all these years of enlarging the auditorium, building scenery and shifting it, installing and working the lighting system, sewing costumes, making props and acting as dressers. But it also has an unusual front-of-house acquaintance with opera as a result of visits to the dress rehearsals of the season's productions. These dress rehearsals are in every respect (except in the matter of evening dress) slap-up performances of the operas the rest of us pay three or four guineas to see. Even the long 75-minute dinner interval is observed—though the Estate, its wives and its children, being accustomed to country mealtimes, don't take much gastronomic advantage of this.

It is this audience which I find the most fascinating feature of living in Ringmer, because one is in constant contact with it all the year round—in the shops, in the post office, in the garage where the hand that dims the house-lights at the evening performance of *Figaro* copes with your leaking radiator during the day. To this audience opera is the most natural and easily understood form of entertainment that can be imagined. They have never been brought up to think of opera as "classical music," as being highbrow and not for the likes of them. Most of this audience, in fact, have never been inside any other sort of theatre in their lives. (The nearest theatre to Ringmer before Glyndebourne was built was in Lewes, two miles away; but that was shut in 1829 as a dead loss in a notoriously Puritan county town. I believe it is now a police station or something useful like that.) One natural consequence of this, of course, is that the Estate audience has only one standard of production and performance—the standard of Glyndebourne. But they haven't let that go to their heads or blunt their critical senses; the village is certain of what it likes and what it doesn't. Opera in English, for instance, is not at all popular. "It doesn't sound right," they said when they heard *The Rake's Progress*. It was only the words they couldn't stomach. They loved Stravinsky's music and Osbert Lancaster's décor. And they are quick to see through

continued overleaf



TIME OUT from rehearsal for Griffith Lewis and Elizabeth Robertson, playing table tennis. She understudies Nancy Evans as Annina in *Der Rosenkavalier*. He sings in the same opera



Glyndebourne concluded

production tricks and mannerisms, and to disapprove any suggestion of preciousness.

Then, because so many of the singers (inevitably known as the Christie Minstrels) stay in the village during the opera season, they get to know the performers as people as well as artists. Ringmer, which after all is a Sussex village full of Sussex people who can be as xenophobic and unco-operative as the Cornish when they try, is pretty choosy in its personal relationships. But once native suspicion wears off it is a friendly and hospitable community, taking in a cosmopolitan crowd of singers as PG's, stocking unfamiliar Continental foods in the shops (singers as a race seem to love to cook for themselves and many Ringmer kitchens are filled with unusual and delicious smells at this time of year).

The Glyndebourne season, one begins to see, is rather like the cuckoo, though without—one trusts—the cuckoo's moral habits. "*In April come they will*," and faces one hasn't seen since last summer begin to reappear in the local pubs, and the village street is suddenly coloured by lots of young women wearing earrings and jeans who are mostly concerned with the wardrobe, one is told. All at once Mr. Christie's motor works is busy servicing Fiats and Simcas, Alfa-Romeos, Cadillacs and Mercedes. "*In May they sing all day*"—rehearsing usually, but not always, out of earshot; and the orchestra arrives to take possession of the dartboard at The Cock, kept by Percy, a former member of the Estate who came to Glyndebourne from London right at the start (and decorated the nursery at Glyndebourne House for the birth of the new chairman of the company that administers the opera, 22-year-old George Christie, son of Mr. Christie and the enchanting Audrey Mildmay who died in 1953). "*In June they change their tune*"—at least to the extent of adding to the repertoire they rehearsed in May. "*In July they prepare to fly*": some do, though a lot of them have already flown by then, as there are three new operas in the repertoire which keep most of the rest of them busy until "*In August go they must*."

Ringmer, it will be gathered, contributes quite handsomely and steadily to the functioning of Glyndebourne, and though I have seen no signs of conductors' batons being carried in native knapsacks there are indications that the administrative side of the Festival Opera is something for the local girls to make good in. The personal assistant to Moran Caplat, the general manager, for instance, is a red-headed young lady, the daughter of a couple who keep the cycle shop and grocery stores. Janet Moores began in the Glyndebourne Estate Office (which shares the same couple of floors as the motor works and the electricians), where she stuck on stamps and made cups of tea, when Rudolf Bing, Caplat's predecessor and now boss of the New York Metropolitan, took her on as a general help in the office at Glyndebourne itself. Today she is thoroughly involved in it all. I'd like to claim that Miss Moores was a native of Ringmer, but she isn't. Like her parents she comes from Yorkshire and was born in the same village as the Brontë sisters. But the Moores family are not the only North Country people in Ringmer. On the principle that all soldiers stationed in England should be sent as far away from their own counties as possible, the youth of Ringmer, both during and after the war, were regularly sent up North on military service, and most of them came back with North Country wives. Assimilation is a powerful force, and in a village like Ringmer, where you hear French and Italian, German and Spanish, Swedish and Welsh spoken in the street, the Sussex dialect spoken with a Newcastle accent hardly rates as worth noticing—except, perhaps, that it is about the only language nobody has yet sung in at the Festival Opera.

PROGRAMME NOTES

28 May. *Der Rosenkavalier* by Richard Strauss (1911). All seats for this long comedy (start 5.15 p.m.) were sold weeks ago. It is included in the Glyndebourne repertoire for the first time this year as Professor Carl Ebert's farewell production. The "Prof" has been Artistic Director at Glyndebourne since 1934 and retires this year. It is likely to prove a testing occasion, for *Der Rosenkavalier* is making an unprecedented break with Glyndebourne tradition. There will be no dinner interval: only two snack-length breaks, one of 25 minutes, the other of 55.

29 May. *Idomeneo* by Mozart (1781). This is "heavy" Mozart, but only by comparison with the other operas of his they do at Glyndebourne. It is *opera seria*—with none of the unexpected gaiety and comic relief that crops up in *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute*. But in a classical story about Greeks and Trojans it would hardly be in place. *Idomeneo* doesn't get as many performances as other Mozart operas, but then it isn't all that easy to perform. Nevertheless it is full of lovely music and easy to listen to. Mozart was never dull even when he was writing a conventionally "serious" opera.

12 June. *Così fan tutte* by Mozart (1790). If you are in the know, and want nobody but the English to understand what on earth you are talking about, you always refer to this deliciously funny comic opera as "Cozy"—which is rather like talking about Shakespeare's "All's," "As" and "Much." The fun and exuberance of the libretto so shocked the Germans that they spent most of the 19th century rewriting it so that the Fair Name of Woman should not be besmirched—and by the Divine Mozart at that. I have often felt that Mozart was too good for the Germans. Anyway, "Cozy" has been one of the Glyndebourne Estate employees' two favourite operas ever since (along with the other *The Marriage of Figaro*) it was heard in the opening season 25 years ago.

3 July. *Fidelio* by Beethoven (1805). Beethoven's only opera is new to Glyndebourne, a work full of tremendous musical high spots and drama. Vittorio Gui, now 73, makes his first appearance of the season to conduct. People have been sceptical of the choice of *Fidelio* for Glyndebourne, thinking that what with the chorus of prisoners and the rest it might be too big for the theatre. It shouldn't be; its first performance of all was in a small Viennese theatre with far less room for everyone to move in than the Festival Opera Theatre in Sussex.

16 July. *La Cenerentola* by Rossini (1817). Rossini's extremely funny opera about Cinderella (the music is funny as well as the situations) is a happy choice to include in the celebrations of 25 years of Glyndebourne opera, because after Mozart, in whose honour the idea was first thought up, Rossini and his comedies have added most to the gaiety and enjoyment of Glyndebourne occasions. Visitors going to *Cenerentola* for the first time need not fear that they are in for a lot of pantomime magic, fairy queens and transformation scenes. Rossini hated magic and treated the whole thing as a possible and not altogether improbable story.

29 July. *Le nozze di Figaro* (The Marriage of Figaro) by Mozart (1786). This is the opera that was performed on the opening night of Glyndebourne on 28 May, 1934. It seems odd not to have opened the Silver Jubilee season with it, especially as everybody has gone to such trouble to commemorate the quarter-century so precisely to the very day by starting the season earlier than usual on purpose. It was a matter of suitable dates and available casts, apparently. But it makes a nice cheerful ending to the season anyway.

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Newly returned from a Shakespeare tour in Russia, Geraldine McEwan stars in Change Of Tune. With her here are James Hayter (left) and Keith Baxter



Theatre

General post in the aviary

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

THERE IS A LAW OF NATURE which, if it did not exist, comic dramatists would have had to invent. It ordains that doves want secretly to be eagles with great wings that carry them unabashed to the sun; and likewise that eagles in their meditative moments cast longing eyes on the cosy domestic bliss of the dove-cote. Mr. Alan Melville's *Change Of Tune* at the Strand, based on an Italian light comedy which has already pleased Paris in adaptation, takes amusing advantage of this established law.

The organist of a remote French village is a well-meaning ass who is convinced that his tedious oratorios are works of genius. He sees the impending visit of a travelling marquis as just the providential stroke that was bound some day to make his compositions known to the world. The marquis is reputed to be a powerful patron of artists. Unfortunately all his protégés seem invariably to have had wives that happened to please him.

It is unthinkable that the organist's meek, dove-like wife should be the marquis's hostess for the night. But she has her husband's interests at heart and demurely she agrees that her place should be taken by the notorious Martine, the village professional light-of-love. She herself will sleep at Martine's house. She is a little curious to know with what unheard-of luxuries the wicked surround themselves.

Waiting for the marquis to arrive, Martine quickly realizes that the organist is an ass but decides that he is an ass of the most endearing sort. She has no difficulty in twisting the vainglorious fellow round her little finger, but great difficulty in remembering that she has been hired to endure the calmly outrageous marquis. She cries out for help, and the infatuated organist rushes in and kicks the presumptuous visitor out of the house.

Meanwhile the strangest things are happening to the real Madame Renaud. She is as much surprised as she expected to be at the softness of the sofas, the elegance of the muslin-shrouded bed and the costliness of the fantasies which decorate Martine's bedroom. A good-natured maid opens the champagne and she is already tipsy when two amiably drunken commercial travellers burst in upon her with introductions and presents. She is rather enjoying a harmless rough and tumble with them when the homeless marquis arrives. Peremptorily dismissing the bagmen, he quickly makes himself at home and what is the poor trapped dove to do but try her borrowed wings. How surprised is the organist resigned to mediocrity in the third act to receive the Paris appointment which is his heart's desire?

The audience obviously enjoys the joke, even though they may feel all the time that it must have been even more enjoyable in the original. English

humour always seems a little heavy-handed when applied to Latin comic material, and Mr. Melville might with advantage, I think, have anglicized some of the characters—the jovially corrupt mayor and the amorous commercial travellers—more than he has chosen to do. But English light comedy acting fortunately is more flexible than the adaptations it is asked to undertake, and the company under the lively direction of Miss Vida Hope carry things off resourcefully and entertainingly.

Miss Geraldine McEwan brings an endearing, spinsterish charm to the demure Madame Renaud. Miss Dilys Laye has a more difficult path to tread as the light-of-love finding herself responding simply to a serious emotion. She contrives to give a hackneyed situation freshness and charm.

The organist has an old-fashioned, youthful hopefulness about the interest that posterity will take in his humiliating struggle for recognition, and Mr. Michael Goodliffe well brings out this refreshing quality in the ridiculous hero. Mr. Hugh Latimer plays the atrocious marquis with pleasant assurance, and there are neat little comic sketches by Miss Ann Saker, Mr. James Hayter, Mr. Keith Baxter and Mr. John Glyn-Jones.

THE PLAY:

Change of tune
Geraldine McEwan
Dilys Laye
Michael Goodliffe
Hugh Latimer

THE FILMS:

Some like it hot
Tony Curtis
Jack Lemmon
Marilyn Monroe
George Raft
dir. Billy Wilder
The case of Dr. Laurent
Jean Gabin
Nicole Courcel
Sylvia Monfort
dr. Jean-Paul Le Chanois
The city jungle
Paul Newman
Barbara Rush
Alexis Smith
Robert Vaughn
dr. Vincent Sherman
Serious charge
Anthony Quayle
Sarah Churchill
Andrew Ray
Cliff Richard
dr. Terence Young

Cinema

The clothes help the fun

BY ELSPETH GRANT

I DO NOT NORMALLY find guys disguised as dolls all that amusing—horrors of pantomime dames wrecked too many Christmases for me in my youth—but I have to confess I laughed unrestrainedly, even immoderately, at Messrs. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in *Some Like It Hot*, a comedy, dazzlingly directed by Mr. Billy Wilder, in which they are called upon to pose as women. The action of this hilarious piece takes place in 1929, a year when the clothes—knee-length “sacks,” kidney heeled shoes, and cramping cloche hats pulled down to the eyebrows—did little for a girl: they do wonders, though, for Messrs. Lemmon and Curtis, who carry them off far better than Marilyn Monroe, their co-star, whose figure, one cannot help feeling, is getting somewhat out of hand.

Messrs. Curtis and Lemmon are a couple of jazz musicians who have the misfortune to witness that grisly Chicago event known as the St. Valentine's Day blood-bath—and to be seen by the murdering gangsters before they can steal quietly away. Fearing for their own lives, the two dress up as women and take jobs as a double-bass wallower (Mr. Lemmon) and a tenor saxophone player (Mr. Curtis) with an all-girl band which is most opportunely leaving for Miami Beach, Florida. Miss Monroe is the ukulele player and vocalist of the outfit.

continued overleaf

VERDICTS

continued

The Social Alphabet

I



for introduction and fugue

"I don't think I have . . . Oh, how d'you do . . . but I seem to know your face. I wonder perhaps if we possibly may have met at Bunty's place?"

"Now, wait a bit, where could it have been—I have the feeling too. Well, was it at Cowes, or Claridge's, or that Inner Circle do?"

"No, didn't I help to push your car on a terrible road in Fife?"

"It's probably quite on the cards we were bosom chums in another life. When I was a King in Babylon, and you were a Christian slave!"

"Then it must have been a pyjama dance that Nebuchadnezzar gave."

"But I do believe I'm beginning to get . . . I know where we've met before!"

"Yes, you are the man. . ."

THINKS: "Yes, you are the brute
Who plays the flute
At dead of night . . ."
". . . Who fuses the light . . ."
". . . Who smashes the bottles and gnaws the rug . . ."
". . . Who stops the drain with a tealeaf plug . . ."
". . . With whom the milkman disagrees . . ."
". . . Who owns the savage Pekingese
That chases our cat."

Who lives in the flat
Next door.

Francis
Kinsman

Miami Beach being a happy hunting ground for millionaires, Mr. Curtis puts on a yachtsman's rig, dark spectacles and an accent rather like Mr. Cary Grant's, and pretends he is one—and Miss Monroe is so thrilled at meeting him she doesn't for a moment recognize him as her buddy from the band. This, though a mite hard to believe, is funny and none of it seemed to me in dubious taste. Mr. George Raft is much at home in the rôle of a boss gangster, and Mr. Pat O'Brien is fine as a wily detective, and one way and another I enjoyed it hugely.

M. Jean Gabin gives a beautiful and touching performance in *The Case Of Dr. Laurent*—a quite enchanting film, lovingly directed by M. Jean-Paul Le Chanois and superbly photographed by M. Henri Alekan. A weary, crumpled figure, Dr. Laurent (M. Gabin) arrives at the mountain village of St. Martin where he is to take up a practice, ill-health having driven him from Paris. The villagers are suspicious of the stranger and strongly disapprove when he tries to teach expectant mothers a new, natural and painless method of bearing their children.

Only one person is willing to experiment with the method Dr. Laurent had seen practised in Paris: she is a peasant girl, admirably played by Mlle. Nicole Courcel, who has been betrayed and abandoned by her well-to-do lover and looks forward in fear and humiliation to bearing an illegitimate child. Dr. Laurent helps her to regain her confidence. So great is her faith in him, she determines to demonstrate publicly the success of his method—and she does so by having her baby, painlessly, in the presence of the local Medical Association and a crowd of village women.

The actual birth is shown on the screen and, handled with the utmost delicacy, provides a moment of awe and wonder such as one rarely experiences in the cinema. But this is by no means all the picture has to offer: it is full of warmth and shrewdly observed character. A daring film, altogether.

To judge from *The City Jungle*—an extremely well made but long film—Philadelphia is populated by people exclusively engaged in keeping up appearances. Mr. Paul Newman gives his usual good and thoughtful performance as a young lawyer, who, soured by a broken promise of marriage given him by a rich girl (Miss Barbara Rush), concentrates on getting to the top of his profession *somehow*—largely unethically. There is an even better performance from Mr. Robert Vaughn as his alcoholic friend whom Mr. Newman, seeing the light at last, risks his reputation to save from a murder rap.

In *Serious Charge*, Mr. Anthony Quayle, muscular vicar of a brand new town, is the victim of a lying story invented by a teenage delinquent, Mr. Andrew Ray, and endorsed by a frustrated spinster—Miss Sarah Churchill, playing an awkward rôle most gracefully. It is rather surprising that his parishioners, merely on the say-so of these two, should so readily assume that Mr. Quayle is a homosexual—but, as the gentleman sitting behind me remarked darkly, "it makes you think." Miss Irene Browne is delightfully airy as the vicar's mother and Miss Judith Furse magnificently solid as a probation officer.

Records

All we need
is the music

BY GERALD LASCELLES

OCCASIONALLY I AM CONSTRAINED to write about improvisation in relation to jazz. I dislike these excursions into the printed word, for my view of improvisation is that if it cannot be written down it should not be written about! Equally, it is such an important factor that it cannot be ignored. Its place



in jazz is accepted by most of the listening public; I was therefore surprised when Columbia produced the interesting album "The Anatomy of Improvisation," illustrated by the variegated pieces which critic Leonard Feather annotated in his recently published *The Book Of Jazz* (Arthur Barker, 21s.).

With one exception, the examples quoted in the record are both important and excellent, ranging from Gillespie's big band to an exciting Tatum/Benny Carter piece; all are from the 1949-56 period. The concept is excellent, but the approach is marred by a completely technical treatise on the soloists' work in the sleeve notes. I take the view that in jazz only the end product matters—how the soloist achieves this end is his business, and we, the listeners, should not be bothering our heads about whether "X" drops into the variant chord of G 7th or augmented D flat in the third bar of his chorus. It is in any case unlikely that he will follow the exact pattern in repeated performances of the same tune.

Anyone is welcome to study and enjoy this record, which I regard as an important contrasting presentation of contemporary jazzmen. Let them do so for maximum enjoyment with a receptive ear and no undue worry about the technicalities.

Tunbridge Wells has beaten everyone in England to the festival game this year, with a week of one-night stands by the big names in British jazz—

To London this autumn comes Ava Gardner's new film The Naked Maja, based on an episode in the life of Goya. Anthony Franciosa (seen here) plays the painter. The picture was made in Italy after the Spanish authorities refused filming facilities because of the liberties taken with history by the script

Dankworth, Bilk, Colyer, Jazz Couriers and Lyttelton with his Experimental Fifteen. News is already circulating of the Beaulieu Jazz Festival, to be held over the August Bank Holiday weekend. Even British Railways are entering into the spirit of the party by running a special train for the Sunday evening performance. Many stars are engaged, including the bands of Heath, Dankworth, Mulligan, Lewis, Kinsey, and the intriguing Jazz Committee. A fairground roundabout has been adapted to make a revolving stage in the garden for this fast-moving, roisterous open-air presentation.

Memories of last year's Brussels Fair are conjured up by a pair of Benny Goodman albums, recorded during his performances at the American Pavilion. With Jimmy Rushing to urge on the band to bigger and better efforts, they produce some presentable swing music. The King of Swing is slightly ageing, and no longer produces jazz of the importance which he used to in Chicago and New York 20 years ago, but it is always worth hearing.

Basie's band makes a surprise appearance on
continued overleaf

THE RECORDS:

Gillespie, Hodges
Hawkins, etc.
*The anatomy of
improvisation*

12-in. L.P.

£1 19s. 9d.

Columbia 33CX10141

Nat Cole with Basie

Welcome to the club

12-in. L.P.

£1 17s. 9½d.

Capitol LCT6176

Benny Goodman

Benny in Brussels

Vols. I & II

12-in. L.P.s

£1 15s. 9½d.

Philips BBI7299/300

Chico Hamilton

With Freddie Gambrell

12-in. L.P.

£1 16s. 5½d.

Vogue LAE12160

VERDICTS

THE RECORDS:

(continued from
page 483)

Oscar Peterson
A night on the town
12-in. L.P.
£1 19s. 9d.
Columbia 33CX10135
Ella Fitzgerald
Ella swings lightly
12-in. L.P.
£1 14s. 1½d.
H.M.V. CLP1267

Capitol with Nat Cole. This is lightly swinging singing, such as Miss Fitzgerald presents on H.M.V. Oscar Peterson's "Night on the Town," on Columbia, is no debauch in the name of jazz. He sounds more relaxed than on most of his recent performances, but not as exciting as the new discovery in the States, Freddie Gambrell, a pianist who has just made his début with the Chico Hamilton Trio. Two other piano-led trios are featured by Vogue, Russ Freeman's and Richard Twardzick's. Both seem to attach more importance to technical brilliance than to producing a real jazz feeling.

Books

No whitewash
for Modigliani

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

WITH THE BEST WILL in the world I cannot recall more than a few fitful moments of pleasure from this week's books; interesting, laudable, skilful, honest—there are lots of words to describe them, but pleasurable somehow they are not. Possibly it is frivolous and a trifle weakminded to expect every book to win one's affections from first page to last. At all events, this bunch kept me sternly at arm's length.

The most fascinating, in a profoundly melancholy way, is *Modigliani, Man And Myth*, written with great honesty and a sort of painful detachment by the painter's daughter Jeanne Modigliani. This great artist and gentle, pitiful man led a distraught and fearful life in Paris, where he hastened his own tragic end with drink and drugs, behaved with a terrible violence contrary to his true nature, and yet managed to produce masterpieces of an extraordinary grace, tenderness and precision. The author carefully and coolly corrects the ragingly romantic Modigliani legend that has grown up, while remaining—one cannot say uninvolved, but somehow determinedly fair and unpartisan. She makes no attempt to whitewash or to plead specially, only to explain. It is an agonizing book to read, perhaps because of its control and level tone of voice as much as because of the tragedy of its subject.

THE BOOKS:

Modigliani, man and myth
by Jeanne Modigliani
(Andre Deutsch, 55s.)

Providence Island
by Jacquetta Hawkes
(Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

The hours after noon
by Paul Bowles
(Heinemann, 15s.)

Buttons in the back
by Elizabeth Kirtland
(World's Work, 12s. 6d.)

Happier days before Sceptre crossed the Atlantic are recalled by this picture of her beating up the Solent. From The Glory Of Sail, a book of yachting photographs by Frank Beken and his son Keith (they use a specially designed whole-plate camera, and release the shutter with their teeth)



The book is handsomely produced, with a fat section of reproductions of paintings, drawings and sculpture, and some haunting photographs of the painter with the beautiful romantic profile and black eyes, and the devoted, ravishing, long-necked Jeanne Hébuterne, who met Modigliani when she was a young student of 19, gave birth to his daughter, endured the ferocious poverty of the last three years of his life, and when he died committed suicide while pregnant with his second child.

(One of the most fascinating things about the photographs in the book is that one thinks immediately not how accurate the portraits were, but how like Modiglianis were the models.)

Providence Island is Jacquetta Hawkes's first novel. I am sadly unable to overcome a natural resistance to novels which happen in the future, or have to do with undiscovered planets or lost civilizations, and since *Providence Island* falls into the third category, I am stuck before I start. If you are curious to know what happens to an Oxford expedition that stumbles across a prehistoric race living in the 20th century somewhere to the north of New Guinea, then Miss Hawkes's novel may indeed strike you, as the jacket suggests, as enthralling.

I never succeeded in getting on with the members of the expedition, which includes the "very alarming" Dr. Alice Cutter, an anthropologist who has a fine brow and good legs and says things like "This air as it flows past me makes me feel as though I were wrapped in finest silk. A chrysalis of crêpe de chine." To which her colleague the sexless Professor Pennyquik comes back smartly "To me it is more like drinking good claret to the sound of flutes" and a third party to the conversation, with commendable mildness, remarks "For Christ's sake."

Miss Hawkes expects a good deal of hard work from her readers and at one point 10 pages pass by without a line of dialogue. She also uses an oddly majestic style that sometimes makes one think of Daisy Ashford ("Reckless now, she half drained the vessel before passing it to him to finish"). When Dr. Alice, who sometimes finds "Donne's lines running through her head," takes part in a Palaeolithic fertility rite, I knew that her good legs had not been in vain, but somehow she became more intimidating than ever.

That Miss Hawkes is a remarkable writer is perfectly evident from *A Land* to which those who feel unnerved by *Providence Island* may gratefully return.

Briefly . . . Fans of Mr. Paul Bowles, who nine years ago wrote *The Sheltering Sky*, will be glad to know that he has collected a book of short stories under the title of the longest of them, *The Hours After Noon*. All of them seem to be about people in the grip of some stealthy and deeply unpleasing nightmare, and the total effect on me was that of sitting in a Turkish bath with a thumping headache that never grew less. This reluctant impression is reinforced by the jacket which shows a fierce native lady in a black veil glaring under a blood-orange sun. . . .

And fans of the rumbustious child Eloise, to whom I am still doggedly antipathetic, will probably open their arms to *Buttons In The Back*, by Elizabeth Kirtland, an American book of childhood reminiscence written in the person of a small girl whose "really name" is Gertrude, which is hard and flat not blonde and curly, and whose brothers—one is my bigger-than-me brother—call her Ortrud.

Ortrud may mean to you all the bizarre, fascinating charm of the child mind, but to me she means a dull sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. Probably eating six jumbo chocolate ice-cream sundaes at a sitting would have much the same effect. For horrible old non-sundae-eating reviewers like myself, one Eloise let me put it bluntly, was truly quite enough.



The furs: Great occasions demand sumptuous furs, whatever the season. Pastel mutations in mink are now so wide in scope that it is possible to tone the fur with the most delicately coloured summer dresses. Shown is an example of the big occasion fur: Bradleys snowy cape in EMBA Jasmine mutation mink, brilliantly interspersed with bands of pearl and diamanté embroidery, price: about £1,200. Worn here with Worth's slender column of white silk jersey embroidered with brilliants. Topping it all, a diamond tiara made in Paris, *circa* 1860, by Bapst and a pearl and diamond necklace from Wartski, Regent St. **The occasion:** The gala performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in honour of the Shah of Persia, attended by the Royal Family. **The décor:** Persian splendour created by architect Dennis Lennon

Fur knows no season

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



MUTATIONS IN MINK



Above: Golden brown stole in EMBA Autumn Haze mink in the orchard-like foyer of the Royal Opera House. By Zwirn, Princes Street, Hanover Square. About 380 gns. Fitting accessories to a fine fur are the diamond necklace and bracelet from Wartski, Regent Street

Left: Fabulous fur plus a blaze of necklace. A wideaway look in the neck-framing collar and slightly square aspect of this jacket in the palest possible blue-grey skins—EMBA Cerulean mutation mink. By Maxwell Croft, about £595. The jewels: Santa Maria aquamarines in a diamond setting make a necklet by Wartski, Regent Street

Far left: A silken length of fur finds new emphasis here in a coat with a double loop of collar, in pale blond EMBA Tourmaline mutation mink. By Bradleys, about 2,395 gns. Background: Draped curtains and gilded Persian archway which leads to the Royal Box



Left: Most regal but seldom seen fur, ermine, stages a comeback in a cross-over back stole by Maxwell Croft. Although it fell in popularity with the advent of white mink, it now enjoys a certain exclusiveness. Price: about 195 gns. Worn with modern jewellery, a baguette diamond brooch and wide bracelet, both by Wartski, Regent Street

STOLES ARE STILL THE TOP CHOICE

Right: A chartreuse satin dress by Worth swathed with a shaded blonde stole steals the scene at the Royal Opera House. Sweeping up the Grand Staircase (decorated with living apple trees in full blossom) a fur wrap in Palomino and Diadem mink from Neil Roger's special collection of blonde furs at Fortnum & Mason. About 495 gns. The antique English diamond tiara again comes from the Wartski collection



FOR THOSE WHO PREFER JACKETS



Above: Jacket in Jasmine EMBA mutation mink. Lustrous fur gives a cool contrast to a pretty face, simple coiffure. By Tamara of New Bond Street. Price of perfection: about £750. *Left:* The ultimate in luxury fur exemplified here by a darkly supple breadth of Russian sables, sleeves are wrist-length. The cost of sables has dropped during the past few years, this jacket by Calman Links is around 1,500 gns. *Opposite:* Bolero of natural Russian sables by Albert Hart, Curzon Street. About 180 gns. Worn with it a billowing ball gown in white nylon organza. Dress at Debenham & Freebody. On the skirt is a magnificent diamond spray of violets made by Vever of Paris in the 1800s. It is now in the Wartski collection of antique jewels



492

THE TATLER
& Bystander
27 May 1959



Cool view in a heatwave

Navy blue and ice white make a perfect recipe for crispness and smartness in the hot summer months. The two dresses photographed in the cool shade of Syon Lodge gardens point the theme. Both are from Jenners in Princes Street, Edinburgh. *Left:* Pure silk navy blue organza makes a dress with a shirtwaister look. The skirt is generous and a swathed cummerbund emphasizes the waist. White organza Puritan collar provides the necessary contrast. Price £14 19s. 6d. *Right:* For evening, a simple, young-looking dress in navy blue lace mounted on stiff white taffeta. Tiny navy blue velvet bows are scattered over the lace. Price: 15 gns. The choker necklace in gilt and blue brilliants costs £1 15s., and the matching ear-rings 18s. 6d. The dresses and the jewellery can be obtained from Jenners through their postal service



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER

BEAUTY

This makes slimming so easy

by JEAN CLELAND

SHAPING-UP FOR SUMMER can be a difficult process. Two slimming methods are designed on easy-to-follow lines. One is a new formula which is taken in water, the other a garment which can be worn by day or night.

Judging by what we heard and saw at two parties given to promote these slimming methods, the number of trim figures should be on the increase. Enthusiastic clients, who had benefited from the two types of treatment, came before us to testify to the way in which they had lost weight. At the one promoting Formula 21 they were actually able to show us as well, by means of photos taken of themselves before starting the course. The flattering and surprising difference in their appearance was sufficient evidence to make the whole thing pretty conclusive.

At a third party, given by Huntley & Palmer, another method of slimming was introduced. In a West End salon the following day I learnt of a fourth type using reducing cream and a special massage belt.

Formula 21 is a medically harmless preparation in the form of a powder, consisting of methyl cellulose and health-giving ingredients, to be taken with water three times a day.

It reduces the appetite and makes it easy for you to eat less. Taken before meals it gives you what I can only describe—after trying it myself—as a satisfied feeling, so that when you start your meal you are not so hungry. You must stick to sensible diet rules while taking the powder. You need not cut out starches completely, only cut down. With the formula to help you this is not difficult.

I talked to people at the party



Spot reducing garment . . .

who had lost an average of 1½-3 lbs. a week. All looked extremely fit, which was not surprising, since Formula 21 contains vitamins B1 and C, riboflavin, calcium and iron, so should improve the health rather than impair it.

The Stephanie Bowman slimming garment works on practically the same principle as a Turkish bath. It is made of a material which causes body heat, and generates it so that as you wear it you perspire. The first one to be put on the market was a complete slimsuit, with which excellent results were obtained by a great many people who wanted to slim all over.

Stephanie Bowman soon discovered that others only wanted to slim certain parts of the body, such as the midriff, thighs, upper arms and ankles. Could she not do something for them? She could, and did, and now it is possible to get the garments specially made for spot reducing. You can have panties, pantalongs, brassières, spare-tyre and knee reducers, and several others, including one for the chin.

These slimming garments can be worn at night or during the day. You can do one or the other but not both. Whichever you choose, the important point is that they should be worn regularly. Clients at the party testified to having lost inches round the waist and thighs, and other spots in need of slimming. "The beauty of it is that it is so easy," they said.

Huntley & Palmer Breakfast Biscuits are very good for taking while slimming. They are practically free of starch, and extremely light and airy in texture. At one time they were in short supply, but now that a new and elaborate plant has been installed in the Huntley & Palmer factory, they will be available to everyone.

In each of the new packets of Breakfast Biscuits that are now on the market, there is a seven-day surprise diet, which has been approved by a hospital. This is not drastic and is very easy to follow. It should, if followed closely, be extremely effective.



. . . bra and pantalongs, both by Stephanie Bowman

Smart about-turn!

The waistline returns to normal in John Cavanagh's design for Spring and Summer—a frock 'inspired purely by the woman and no other shape or object'. Material: black and white printed cotton. Fashion keynote: easy-to-wear-simplicity.



...and a forward march in style!

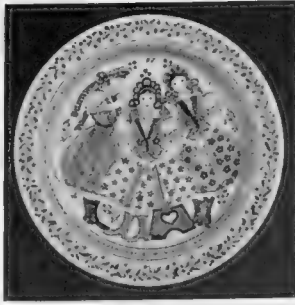
Eyes right for the new Consul de Luxe—admired by military men for its stylish dash and immaculate finish, with the new lower, sleeker line, new gay colours, new facia, seating and trims... all charmingly in harmony with the season's mood of simple grace. You'll love its looks—and its fabulous *de luxe* 6-seater value! See it at your Ford Dealer's—the new, lovely Consul de Luxe!



FORD sets the fashion

COUNTER SPY

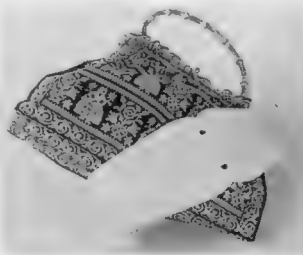
ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ



This traditional Czech wedding plate with three figures in national costume is one of many individual pottery plates which could be used as fruit dishes or as unusual decorations. Price: 42s.

Suedecraft have brought to this country a revolutionary suède cleaning process. It has no relation to dry cleaning and can give a suède garment a new lease of life. Any suède article can be cleaned—jackets, shoes, hats, handbags, etc. If they have a silicone finish the process will not harm them. Articles can be sent through shoeshops and cleaners throughout the country who are Suedecraft agents, or they can be sent straight to the Suedecraft factories, which are at Spencer Street, Northampton; Hawthorne Road, Liverpool, 20; and West Avenue, Blantyre Industrial Estate, Lanarkshire. Their suède shoe cleaning factory is Ardan Shoe Services, London Bridge Street, S.E.1, and Kerr Street, Northampton. Prices are very reasonable and cleaning is not a lengthy process

From the Bell Boutique, 50 Knightsbridge, comes this original and light summer bag. Austrian-designed, it is in navy blue and white braided cotton with a poker-stiff bamboo handle. The material can be detached from the frame for washing. Price: £3 19s. 6d. The white suède belt which hooks up at the back can also be made in calf, price: about 2 gns. The Boutique also make buttons, belts and evening bags in customers' own materials



Mann & Fleming, of 120B Mount Street, W.1, is an interior decorating firm as well as an antique shop. Mr. Fleming is doing a room for the Antique Dealers' Fair (10-25 June), in which he will use a splash of his favourite colour, a shade of tomato. He feels very strongly that there should be some bright colour in a room. In his room décors he aims to combine old and new, but works closely with clients' wishes. He has a wide range of materials to choose from at Mount Street. The materials can, also, of course, be bought by the yard. He finds that good bedside tables are hard to come by, and has designed some pretty ones with lots of room and a sensible height. The antique furniture at Mann & Fleming is mostly Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Regency. They specialize in magnificent lamps, some of which are designed by Mr. Fleming, who prefers plain ones. For instance, he has designed column lamps which cost about 7 gns. each, with shades made to order

Cadec, 27 Greek Street, W.1, is crammed full of cooking utensils of all kinds and at all prices including individual soufflé dishes, and everything for a salad all in the



French pattern. This family size fish kettle in copper lined with silver (a luxury for the kitchen or table) has a detachable silver "tray." Price: 16 gns. It also has some smaller and humbler copper relations

The Permutit Company have perfected a new appliance with a flexible hose which fixes neatly to any tap. The Permutit Water Softener, made of light, unbreakable polythene, is completely portable and highly efficient. It will soften up to 150 gallons of water and you simply set the process off again by the addition of a little salt. Softened water economizes on the amount of soap or detergent used (saving up to three times the quantity used with ordinary water). Washing benefits by the thorough rinsing (hard water won't rinse out the sticky soap curds or remains of washing powder) and grease disappears when Permutit-treated water is used for washing-up. Beauty bonus: hair and skin will improve when washed with softened water. The main body of the softener is in gleaming ivory, but there is a choice of red, blue, green or grey for the top fittings and spouts. Price: £12 7s. 6d., from all leading hardware stores

BEAUTY AND THE CLOCK

• MAQUIVIT

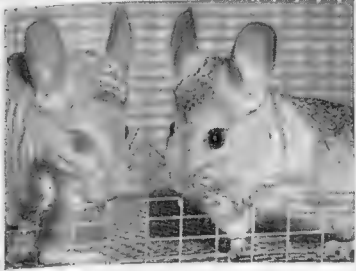
• SUPPLE FOUNDATION

• NEO-SATIN LIPSTICK



LANCÔME



CHINCHILLA BREEDING—a business or a
profitable hobby

As you know, Chinchilla is the loveliest and costliest of furs and the breeding of Chinchillas offers excellent returns. These are obtained from the sale of top quality breeding pairs and it will be years before the demand can be fully met.

TOP GRADES ONLY. Make the best possible start by breeding the world-famous Aristo-Blue Chinchillas—exclusive to Drywood Chinchilla Farms.

GUARANTEES. The Drywood written guarantee covers life and littering ability and ensures that at the end of 12 months you have your original investment plus at least one litter of young Chinchillas for each breeding pair you possess.

MARKETING. We arrange for the sale of the stock you raise and guarantee the animals sold on your behalf will live and litter.

FREE ADVICE. The comprehensive Drywood Services also include free husbandry leaflets and help and advice covering all aspects of Chinchilla care.

EASY TO LOOK AFTER. Chinchillas are friendly, clean and odourless and easily housed. Their frugal vegetarian diet costs no more than 6d. a week for an adult pair.

There are established Drywood farms throughout the country. Write or phone for an appointment to visit. Send now for FREE fully illustrated brochure.

The finest name in Chinchillas

DRYWOOD CHINCHILLA FARMS LTD.

DEPT. 118 GREENLEACH LANE
WORSLEY, LANCs. Tel: SWinton 4262/3

Enjoy
EVERY MINUTE,
mother
TO-BE

And here's a perfectly heavenly swim-suit for basking in so-good-for-you sunshine. Created with "Maternally Yours" sure eye for deception! In exotic flower-printed cotton. Lotus Blue, Tahiti Green, Tango Flame. Fully elasticised and carefully boned for perfect shape. Detachable halter strap. Style B.21. Sizes 10-20. £4 17s. 6d. (postage 3/6 extra).

There's every holiday outfit that a determined-to-enjoy-herself mother-to-be longs for, and many more she never dreamt she could possibly wear! Exclusive but not expensive. Postal service too. For catalogue write to "Postal Sales."

Designed by and obtainable only from

Maternally Yours LTD.

24 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W.1. HUNter 9723



You'll LOVE
being slender



EVERYBODY'S TALKING about SLENDERELLA—the most intelligent approach to figure beauty. This completely new slenderising system takes off weight . . . improves posture . . . makes you the size you ought to be. It's so different . . . so pleasant . . . and it really works.

PHONE TODAY for your complimentary visit and figure analysis.

- * NO DISROBING
- * NO ELECTRICITY
- * NO EXERCISE
- * NO STARVATION DIET

Be proud of your figure this summer!

slenderella

172, New Bond Street,
London, W.1.

Telephone HYDe Park 0951

PARIS • NEW YORK

Slenderella Slenderizing System Ltd.

The Children

by James Vance Marshall
is one of the most widely
reviewed and highly
praised first novels of the
year

(12/6)

Notion of Sin

A novel by Robert
McLaughlin has just been
published and will be
discussed

(15/-)

 MICHAEL JOSEPH

WOLFSCHMIDT KUMMEL comes and glows



THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

GREAT PROGENITORS

From James to Prince Henry

by L. G. PINE

IN ANY OF THE HELLS, CHRISTIAN OR BUDDHIST, which may await the ill-doer, a torment of exquisite cruelty would be the requirement to produce in clear form a pedigree of the royal lines of Europe.

This thought is prompted by an inquiry into the relationship between Prince Henry of Hesse, whom Princess Margaret met on her recent visit to Rome, and Prince Philip. How are they related? Cousins? Of course, but what is the degree? Prince Henry and Prince Philip are both descended from George II through the female line, but inter-connections between the various royal houses of Europe go far beyond a mere line of descent of this type.

The Duke of Edinburgh, for instance, like Her Majesty the Queen, is a great-great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, herself a descendant of George II. This last item is only another reminder of the close family ties which unite the European royalties. Few people realize that the cementing link is found in the fact that the royalty of the Continent as well as of Britain is Teutonic.

From the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, with the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Frederick V, in 1596, spring twenty or more royal lines.

Some years ago I introduced into the narrative of the royal lineage what I can only describe as signposts. Without these the searcher is liable to be gripped in a genealogical morass. Thus, under the name of James I, come headings which show the descent of the Hanoverian Kings, the Kings of Prussia (subsequently Emperors of Germany), the Kings of Bavaria, of Württemberg, of Sweden, and of the Belgians. In addition there are the Dukes of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimar and Eisenach.

From the Hanoverian Kings, George I and George II, can be traced a descent for the House of Orange



Artist Prince Henry of Hesse photographed in his villa on the isle of Ischia. His paintings are surrealist

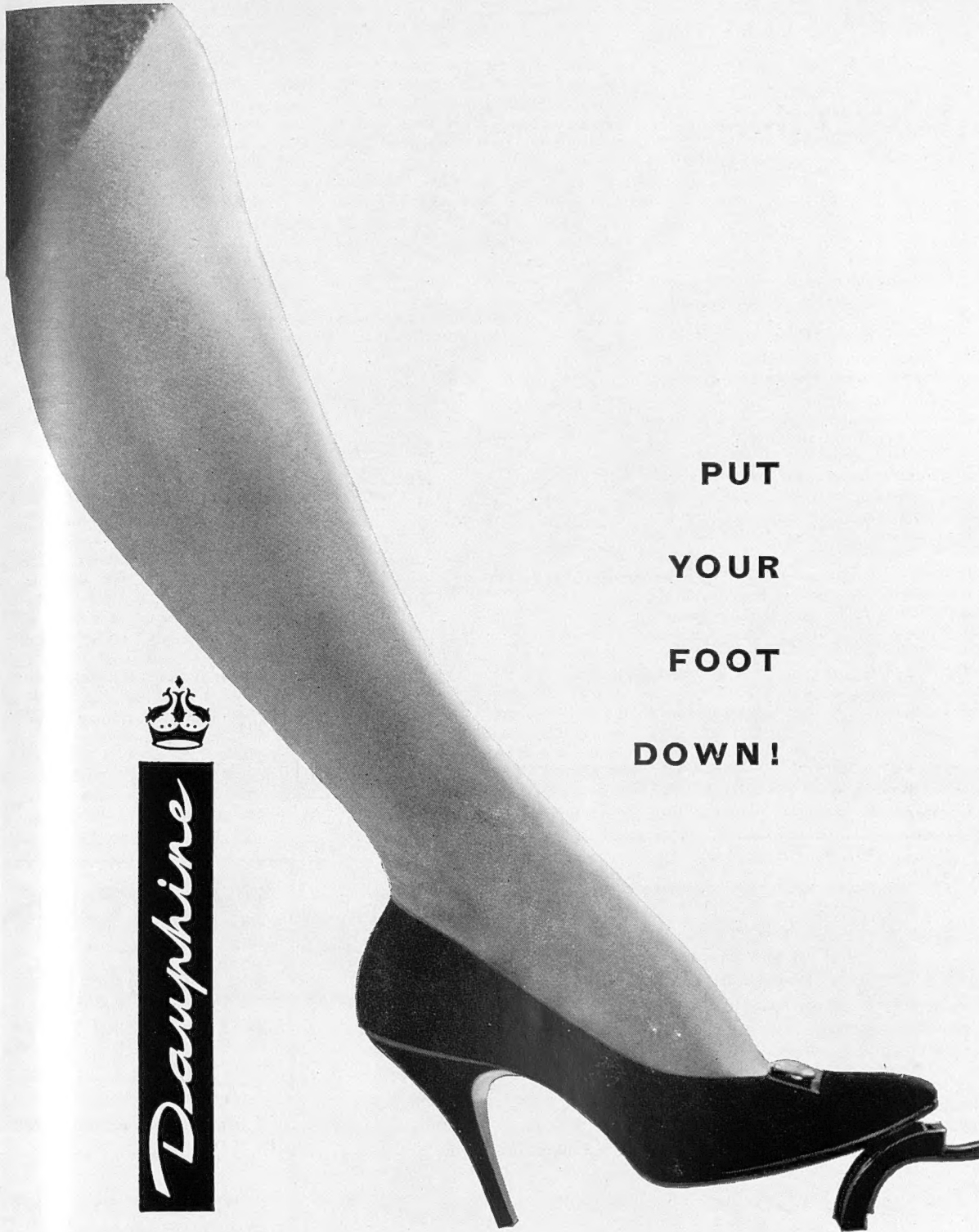
(sovereigns of the Netherlands), the Kings of Denmark, the House of Mountbatten (Milford Haven) and the Romanoffs (former Tsars of Russia). Queen Victoria, through the marriages of her numerous children, contributed greatly to the network of European royalty. From her, descents can be found in the royal lines of Rumania, Yugoslavia, Russia and Spain, as well as in Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Hesse. Thus it is virtually impossible for any member of a European royal family to marry into another royal family without espousing a kinsman or kinswoman.

The issue of the wisest fool in Christendom has gone far.

Gordon Wilkins will resume his motoring article next week.

BRIGGS by Graham





PUT
YOUR
FOOT
DOWN!



Dauphine

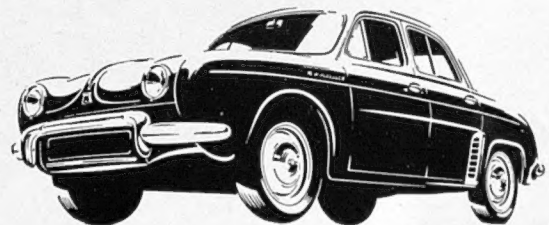
RENAULT

Put your foot down . . . and feel that powerful surge forward as the Dauphine's engine gaily responds. See how she hugs the corners at speed and weaves her nimble way through the traffic. Know that you are getting superb performance and 47 m.p.g. from the most elegant small car in the world. Put your foot down . . . *insist* on driving a Renault Dauphine.

Write to us for the name and address
of your nearest demonstration dealer.

Price £716.10.10 (inc. P.T.) 2-pedal control optional extra.

Fully assembled at
Renault Limited
Western Avenue
London W.3.



CVS-350

DINING IN

Interval with courgettes

by HELEN BURKE

WHILE WAITING for our own spring vegetables (that is those grown out of doors, not under glass) we have those from abroad. Courgettes for instance.

In the south of France they have a simple, good way with them, not unlike our own method of stuffing small vegetable marrows. They make a good snack or a first course for luncheon, depending on their size and what is to follow.

Select courgettes about 6 inches long, one for each person. Halve them lengthwise and blanch them—that is, bring them to the boil in plain water and simmer them for a minute. Take them to the sink and let cold water run over them until they are cold. Remove the seed portion with the tip of a small teaspoon and fill the cavities with a savoury mixture. Here, for 4 servings, is a pleasant filling:

Finely chop or mince a good breakfastcup of cooked lamb or veal. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1

dessertspoon chopped chives, and salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Work 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. softened butter into the mixture, heat together over a low fire and fill the halved courgettes with the mixture, heating it high.

Place them side by side in a shallow oven dish, sprinkle them fairly generously with grated cheese and a little olive oil, and bake them for 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees F. or gas mark 6).

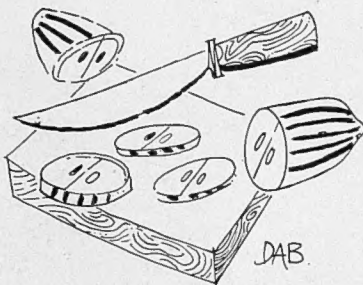
Here is another tasty way to deal with courgettes—Courgettes Provençal: For 4 people, slice fairly thickly $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. courgettes. Sprinkle salt over them and leave them for an hour or so. Press them between two plates to get rid of excess moisture.

Meanwhile, in a wide pan, melt together a nice ounce or so of butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. Add and simmer a finely chopped shallot in the fats. Add the sliced courgettes, 3 to 4 chopped skinned firm

tomatoes, a fairly finely chopped sweet green pepper, the juice from a clove of garlic and seasoning to taste. Simmer together for 15 minutes, taste and correct seasoning as required, then finish with a dessertspoon each of chopped parsley and chives.

I have never seen the following omelet in any cookery book. The old Italian cook who made it for me used courgettes or, as she called them, *zucchini*.

She would peel, say, 2 to 3 courgettes, cut them into the thinnest possible slices, sprinkle



them with salt and leave them for half a day for the moisture to exude. She then pressed out the liquid between two plates and gently simmered the sliced courgettes in a little butter.

When they were really cooked, but still uncoloured, she poured over them 3 to 4 lightly seasoned

beaten eggs with 1 oz. or so of grated cheese mixed into them.

After stirring the mixture over a fairly gentle heat for not quite long enough to set the eggs, she dotted the top of the dish with 3 to 4 tablespoons of cream cheese and slipped the dish under a hot grill for a moment.

I do not think I can remember such wonderful cauliflowers as we have been having recently. Cauliflower is not an easy vegetable to cook to the perfect point because of its thick stalk. That is why I like to cut off the florets and drop them into salted boiling water barely long enough to cook them through. Then I drain them well and dress them "Polonaise"—that is, with breadcrumbs fried in butter—or place the barely cooked florets in a thickly buttered shallow cast-iron dish, coat them with a smooth-as-silk cheese sauce and brown it a little under the grill.

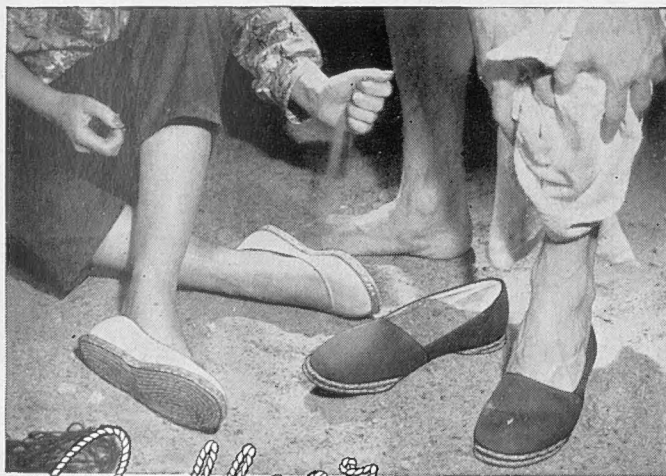
Cauliflower is one of the most digestible of all vegetables when handled in the right way and, for some folk, one of the most indigestible if it is not. One thing a cauliflower cannot do without deteriorating is to wait around while the sauce is being prepared.

So, before cooking the cauliflower, have ready everything which is to go with it.

The stalk? No need to waste it. Peel it, cut it into slices and drop them into the salted boiling water a minute or two before the florets.



L. RELSKY & CO.
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM



Baffeez

'Baffeez' fibre soles are cool, restful and healthy. Gay, well styled uppers add colour to comfort.

Good shoe shops everywhere stock Baffeez

If you have any difficulty write for the name of your nearest stockist to:—

DOUGLAS FRASER & SONS LTD. ARBROATH, SCOTLAND

ROPE SOLED SHOES

In the photo we show the Ladies' 38 Slip on Ballerina, and the 7T. Slip on Espadrille from 14/11d for men & women. Also available are

No. 9 Deck Shoe From 16/9d

No. 37 Ladies Casual 14/11d

No. 39 Laced Beach Ballet 14/11d

Obtainable in an attractive range of Summer Self Colours, as well as more sober tones, Polka Dots, Tartans & Multi-stripes—write for details of Style and Colour Range, and the address of your nearest stockist.

LAYTONS
(Yugoslav)

LUTOMER
RIESLING

8/4 PER BOTTLE

A triumph of the Vintner's Art

Try a glass—1/10d.
—in our Wine Bar

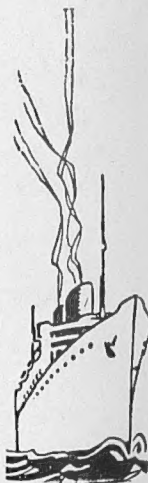
LAYTONS WINE MERCHANTS
2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.) W.1
Tel: 8808

For friends at home and overseas...

... a subscription to THE TATLER makes a splendid, long-lasting gift—and it's so easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £6.5.6
Overseas: £6.12.0
Canada: £5.14.0

Your Newsagent will arrange a subscription, or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2





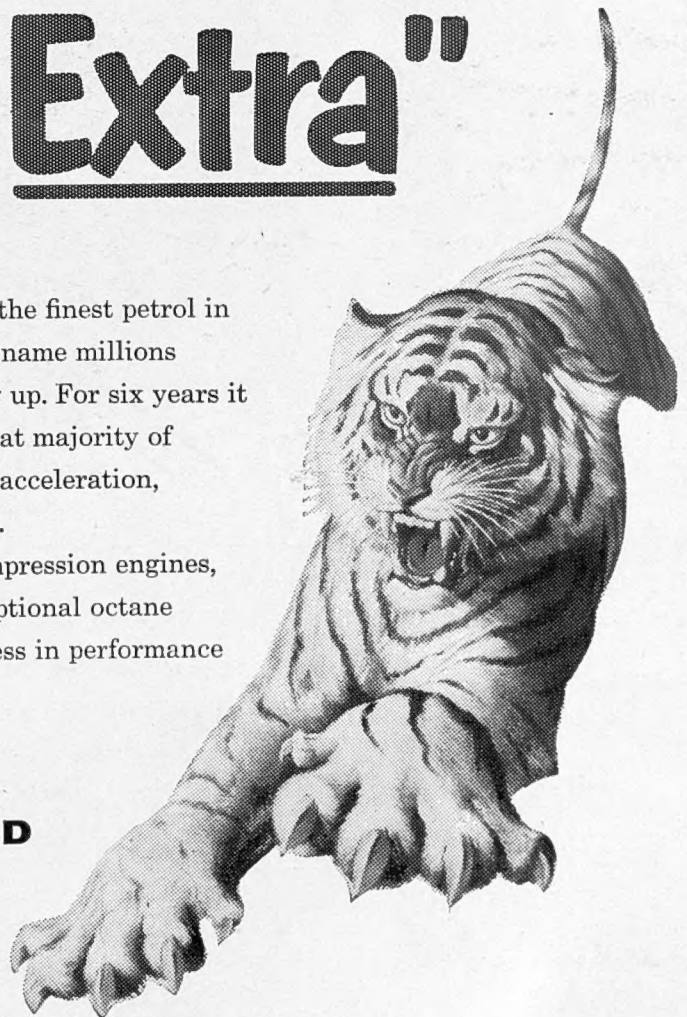
"Esso for Extra"

Call at the Esso sign for the finest petrol in the world. Esso Extra is the first name millions of motorists think of when filling up. For six years it has given, and still gives, the great majority of cars the greatest performance in acceleration, miles per gallon, and sheer speed.

And for those cars with high compression engines, Golden Esso Extra, with its exceptional octane rating, provides a silky smoothness in performance that only experience can prove.



FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD





It's no secret...... well, not a secret *you* can't share ...

their pleasant discovery is the habit of travelling the world in real *comfort*. By BOAC, of course. To get in on the secret, just book yourself a BOAC ticket. Step aboard a BOAC jetliner (*Comet 4* or jet-prop *Britannia*). Then relax and enjoy that "pampered" feeling which only BOAC's *personal* service can give you.

Whether you choose luxury travel or low-fare travel, it's *always* the finest value money can buy.

Once you're in the know, you'll fly BOAC every time.

De Luxe, First Class, Tourist and Economy Class services. Consult your local BOAC Appointed Travel Agent or any BOAC office.

ALL OVER THE WORLD **B·O·A·C** TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU



B R I T I S H O V E R S E A S A I R W A Y S C O R P O R A T I O N